

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,315, Vol. 51.

January 8, 1881.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH—IRELAND.

AS the material points of the QUEEN'S Speech had been communicated to the daily papers a day or two before the meeting of Parliament, public curiosity was concentrated on the impending debate, or rather on Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation of the policy of the Government. Lord BEACONSFIELD, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and any of their supporters who might take part in the discussion, could only express with more or less force the general conviction. It will be admitted that the two leaders of the Opposition satisfied general expectation by the mode in which they discharged a not very difficult duty. Lord BEACONSFIELD proved that he had warned the country and his successors of the impending danger, and that he had proposed not only to renew the Peace Preservation Act, but, if necessary, to render its terms more stringent. He was answered by Mr. GLADSTONE's assurance that Ireland had never been so prosperous or so generally contented as at the date of the change of Ministry. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech was still more effective; but the question between the two parties has little interest or importance. If Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues had been deficient in foresight and in firmness, their shortcomings furnish no excuse for any neglect of duty by the present Government. The task of delivering the Ministerial apology afforded occasion for the exercise of Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiar genius. He had to master two inconsistent propositions; and no orator is more capable of tolerating and reconciling contradictions. It was necessary to vindicate the determination to provide in January for the maintenance of order which has been disturbed since September or October without official interference. If he is right now, he was wrong three months ago, for the excuse that it was desirable to wait till public opinion became unanimous is but a transparent evasion. It was little to the purpose to cite instances in which former Governments have been timid and dilatory. Such precedents furnish warning rather than example, even when they are not disinterred from obsolete records. Mr. GLADSTONE actually thought it worth while to quote a speech delivered by Mr. PEEL in 1814, when he was a young man of five-and-twenty, lately appointed to his first subordinate office. If it were worth while to investigate the circumstances, no surprise would be caused by the discovery that Lord LIVERPOOL's administration of Irish affairs was not extraordinarily prescient or vigorous.

Mr. GLADSTONE laid great stress on the prosecution of Mr. PARNELL and his associates as an experiment by which the efficiency of the existing law might be tested before exceptional measures were proposed. It might have occurred to the ingenious apologist that the prosecution has, whether it ends in acquittal or conviction, already done its best and its worst. The verdict of the jury can in no way affect the undoubted fact that the Land League has established its despotism in the greater part of Ireland, and that ordinary justice is entirely suspended. By introducing a Coercion Bill while the prosecution is still pending the Government distinctly admits the absence of connexion between the measures which are required and the solitary effort which has been made to check or punish one form of crime. The wholesale acquisition by the Irish populace of firearms, largely supplied, it is said, by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's constituents, could not possibly be prevented or discouraged by the indictment of Mr. PARNELL.

The great majority of the agents of the Land League and of other agrarian conspirators have no concern in the trial, though they will of course boast of a triumph if the jury should be intimidated. It was, in truth, impossible to devise any reason for the delay which would not be an argument against the Coercion Bill itself. It is satisfactory to learn that the measure is to take precedence of other business, and it may be inferred that Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared with some scheme for repressing the obstruction which has been threatened by Mr. PARNELL. It is not undesirable that his pugnacity should be partially diverted from his ordinary opponents to the enemies of free Parliamentary debate. In any feasible plan for the defeat of efforts to obstruct business he will be cordially supported by the great majority of the House.

The conduct of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be observed with curiosity and perhaps with amusement. In his exposition of the reasons for postponing coercion, Mr. GLADSTONE omitted to mention the decisive cause, which was the successful resistance of his Birmingham colleague to the policy which is supposed to have been recommended by Mr. FORSTER. When, as it is believed, the Cabinet was hesitating, Mr. BRIGHT propounded the marvellous doctrine that force was no remedy for anarchy caused by discontent. Neither Mr. BRIGHT nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN qualified their repudiation of a policy of coercion by any reference to times and seasons; nor did they pretend to rely on the efficacy of the State prosecution. They produced, and probably intended to produce, the impression that their colleagues must choose between license to Irish crime and the continuance in office of the extreme Radical section of the Ministry. It was, on the whole, thought better to give over Ireland to the dominion of the Land League than to lose the support of the great democratic orator and of the chief manager of the Birmingham Election Club. For every crime which might have been prevented by the earlier suspension of the Habeas Corpus and by the disarmament of the disaffected population, Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are not exclusively responsible, because their colleagues submitted to their dictation. It will henceforth be convenient to discontinue as far as possible the retrospective criticism which is unavoidably suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE's apology. If the Government will at last do its duty, it ought to be supported, inasmuch as no competitors are ready to take the place of the present Ministers. Even the conduct of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be condoned now that they have practically acknowledged their error.

Mr. GLADSTONE was probably well advised in referring but vaguely and slightly to the measure which he intends to introduce with respect to the tenure of land. It is to be founded on the Act of 1870, which he still regards with complacency, though he will be compelled to retract the assurances with which the measure was defended at the time. It may be collected from Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that some legislative control over the amount of rent is to be established, and that the machinery by which Mr. BRIGHT's Clauses were to be worked is to be rendered more effective. The Report of the Irish Land Commission includes a recommendation of the "three F's"; but it is only signed by three Commissioners out of five—Lord BESSBOROUGH, Baron DOWN, and Mr. SHAW are at issue with Mr. KAVANAGH and The O'CONNOR DON. It is but a barren inquiry whether a Land Bill ought to have been post-

poned until the Coercion Bill was passed. The choice necessarily lay with the Government, and Parliament and the country must acquiesce in the decision. It is certainly unfortunate that any organic legislation which can be defended as expedient and equitable should appear to have been extorted by violence. There is still less reason for spontaneous concessions such as that which is mentioned in the Speech. The proposal of County Boards in Ireland seems in a high degree injudicious. The constitution of the Grand Juries is in some respects anomalous; but their powers are limited, and there is no urgent need of a change. The disaffected part of the population will rightly interpret the measure as a partial admission of the principle of Home Rule. If County Boards are created, it is inevitable, in conformity with the precedents of modern legislation, that they should be elected by numerous and poor constituencies. Although it will be their nominal function to levy and administer rates, it is certain that property will not be adequately represented. At the risk of arousing prejudice, it may be well to assert that nothing is at present likely to be more injurious to Ireland than an extension of elective institutions. Among the Irish members are many persons of a class which never ought to enter the walls of Parliament, and even their less discreditable colleagues have no pretension to represent the property and intelligence of Ireland. It will not be the worst peculiarity of County Boards elected by the same constituencies that they will probably perpetrate the grossest jobbery. It is certain that they will be employed by agitators for political purposes, and especially to promote the disruption of which they will be considered an instalment. Even if the measure had been more expedient in substance, it is at the present time wholly inopportune. If the Government resolved to countenance the claims of the revolutionary faction by making a change in land tenure the condition of suppression of disorder, it is unnecessary and undesirable to coax and wheedle the malcontents by irrelevant concessions. The powers of the Grand Juries are not even included in the current list of popular grievances. The county Land Leagues will gladly accept the invitation of the Government to transform themselves into County Boards.

#### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

NOTHING could have been more modest and curt, not to say bald, than those parts of the QUEEN'S Speech which referred to other than Irish matters. The QUEEN'S relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly and harmonious. This is always said, unless the country is on the eve of a war. What is the real extent of friendship and the exact character of the harmony is what we should like to know; but this is the very thing that it is impossible to disclose in a short and formal paragraph. The main question relating to the frontier between Turkey and Montenegro has been settled. This is true, and is no more or less than the truth. The main question has been settled, subsidiary questions have not been settled. Criticism is studiously deprecated by an utter absence of glorification in the result, and of reference to the means by which the result was attained. The Powers are now engaged in communications which have in view the determination of the frontier between Turkey and Greece. This is a good, bald, dry fact. The Powers are indisputably so engaged, but whether these labours are likely to lead to anything, or at what result it is desirable they should arrive, we know no more after reading the QUEEN'S Speech than before. Some unfulfilled portions of the Treaty of Berlin continue to occupy the attention of the QUEEN and her Government. There are many unfulfilled provisions of the treaty, and if they are all occupying attention, they must be making a heavy demand on it. A little more explicitness is shown when the turn comes of the Basutos and the Boers. Friendly mediation is proffered between the natives and the colonists; and it may be hoped that such an end to the contest may be possible and effectual; but from a technical point of view it is strange to hear of a Sovereign mediating between two sets of her subjects as if she was mediating between Chili and Peru. The Boers by their precipitate recourse to arms have made inevitable a postponement of that almost complete freedom which was about to be bestowed on them. Lastly, the war in Afghanistan has been brought to a close, and, with the exception of

the Candahar force, all the QUEEN'S troops have been recalled within the Indian frontier. It is not the intention of the Government to retain Candahar permanently; but the still unsettled state of the country and the consequent difficulty of establishing a native ruler have delayed for a time the withdrawal of the army from that position. This tells us, indeed, if any one can have supposed it doubtful, that it is not the intention of the Government to make Candahar a part of the territory of British India. But it leaves us entirely in the dark as to when Candahar will be evacuated. The country is said to be still unsettled, and there is no native Government to which Candahar can be given ever. What we are to do with Candahar is, therefore, as uncertain as it was when Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS relieved it. The QUEEN concluded this part of her speech by informing Parliament that further correspondence on the Military Estimates of India would be laid before it; and it needed the subsequent explanation of Mr. GLADSTONE to understand that this laconic and mysterious phrase meant that the materials now existed for asking a decision on the difficult and anxious subject of the proper contribution of England to the expenses of the war.

The principle on which the Speech was framed is sufficiently obvious. The real business of the Parliament is to deal with Ireland. It is Ireland that absorbs the attention which is conventionally supposed to be occupied with the constitution of Macedonia or the woes of the Armenians. It was Ireland, and Ireland only, as to which there was a keen anxiety to know the intentions of the Government. Other subjects had to be noticed, but they might be so noticed that criticism and information should alike be minimized. They had to appear on the scene, but they might be arranged like the bodyguard of a prince, which, if it is but decently and simply dressed, escapes notice. Some criticism was, of course, unavoidable. It is the business of the leaders of the Opposition to criticize every part of the QUEEN'S Speech, and Lord BEACONSFIELD went through his task in one House, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in the other. The choice of the line which criticism was to take was, however, limited. There was the criticism that there was nothing to criticize, that nothing had been told, and that by an exaggerated reticence the Government had left Parliament entirely in the dark as to the past, the present, and the future. This was the line Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE adopted, and Mr. GLADSTONE could only say in reply that the supplement to the QUEEN'S Speech was to be found in a recent speech of Lord GRANVILLE. The real reply would have been that Parliament and the Government equally wished that attention should for the moment be exclusively directed to Ireland. Lord BEACONSFIELD could scarcely be satisfied with this sort of negative comment, and set himself to attack the general policy of the Government. In doing this he had the choice of two lines. He might have shown with great effect that the present Government has stolen the clothes of the last Government. In spite of all the fiery denunciations and wild assertions of the Midlothian campaign, Mr. GLADSTONE has no choice but to carry out the Treaty of Berlin. The Government is hurrying forward troops to sustain the authority of the QUEEN in the Transvaal, the acquisition of which was described by many members of the Government as a piece of sheer robbery. The late Government almost immediately before its fall declared that it desired no accession of territory in Afghanistan, but must endeavour to find some trustworthy native to take over, not only Cabul, but Candahar. This is in almost so many words the policy announced in the QUEEN'S Speech. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE always said that England would do something to help India in the cost of the war, but could never decide how much ought to be done, and this is precisely where the QUEEN'S Speech leaves us. Nothing, it might easily be made to appear, could be a greater tribute to the soundness of the policy pursued by the late Government than the curious completeness with which the present Government has found itself obliged to walk in its steps. But from a party point of view there was a most serious objection to taking this line of criticism. It would have given the Opposition a great momentary triumph, but it would have much hampered it in the future. If it had owned that the policy of the Government was its own policy, how could it say that this policy was wrong? It would have had the pleasure of patronizing the Government; but the business of an Opposition is not to patronize, but to attack. Lord BEACONSFIELD.

therefore, boldly adopted an exactly contrary line of criticism, and alleged that the policy of the Government was a startling and an unpatriotic departure from the policy of its predecessors. The facts might have been thought to point to an opposite conclusion. But it was the business of Lord BEACONSFIELD not to trouble himself about facts so much as to get his party into a position for effective attack. He, therefore, made the Government a present of a character for boldness and originality, but this was a small sacrifice in comparison with the gain of getting a clear field for arguing that everything the Government may do or has done is wrong.

Parliament is to have other business brought before it by the Government when the main Irish Bills are disposed of; but the Government has been extremely moderate in carving out other than Irish business. Its Bills are only Bills which it could not help bringing in, or which excite a languid and a local interest. Corporal punishment is to be abolished in the army and navy. This is merely a fulfilment of what was announced last Session, and it is the only measure that can be said to be of a party character. Every other measure announced would as naturally have been prepared by a Conservative as by a Liberal Government. A Bankruptcy Bill is a simple necessity. It is a scandal that it should have been so long postponed; and, if the new Bill differs from that brought in by Lord CAIRNS, it will differ only so far as further discussion and more experience may have shown how the Bill of Lord CAIRNS can be advantageously modified. The general nature of a Bankruptcy Bill, by whichever party it may be prepared, is now clearly determined, and it is not so much interesting to know that a Bankruptcy Bill is to be prepared as to hear that it is to be placed in the charge of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It will give scope to his superabundant energy, and that it should be confided to him is a recognition of the important fact that a Bankruptcy Bill is the proper affair of traders rather than lawyers. The difficulty is to decide how trade can best be carried on rather than to shape clauses. Two little Bills follow which are no doubt very useful and necessary. Something is to be done to regulate floods, and something more to regulate Scotch charitable endowments. These are measures of local importance, but they can scarcely excite any party feeling, and they only find their way into the QUEEN'S Speech because it would have been difficult to find any measures better calculated to keep the end of the Speech to a neutral tone. The general discussion of the effects of the Ballot Bill, which to the legitimate discontent of the Opposition was evaded last Session by the device of a Continuance Bill, is this year to occupy a proper share of the attention of Parliament; and recent disgraceful disclosures, which have equally affected both parties, will prompt an equal ingenuity on both sides to devise new methods of stifling or baffling electoral corruption. When the Government discloses the contents of these measures there will be abundant room for the expression of varieties of opinion; but there is nothing exciting in the knowledge that these are the measures as to which the Government will take the opinion of Parliament. None of them raises a burning question, and in a Session which will see the flaming question of Ireland glare so fiercely, it is prudent to keep down everything else to the lowest possible level of excitement.

#### THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE alleged moderation of the insurgent Government of the Transvaal can be only conventionally supposed to indicate the probability of a compromise. The leaders of the revolt graciously offer to receive an English Consul at Pretoria, and even to take into future consideration some measure of a federative character. In return, they require the concession of independence, which is the only issue raised by the insurrection. The organs of the English Government have not thus far recommended absolute and immediate submission; and the Boers have evidently determined not to resume their allegiance until they have tried their strength in the field. They are probably aware of the scanty number of Imperial troops in South Africa, and they have perhaps not anticipated the immediate

despatch of reinforcements. The unnecessary hurry in which both the late and the present Governments withdrew the troops after the end of the Zulu war has probably been interpreted as a proof that English forces were not again to be employed in South Africa. Many unwise statements to that effect have been made in newspapers and at public meetings, and it was not unnaturally supposed that the colonists of the Cape agreed to a policy which would complete their practical independence. During the Basuto war the Cape Government has asked for no aid from home; and, on the other side, there has been no officious offer of support. The Transvaal leaders have apparently satisfied themselves of their ability to deal with the only forces of which Sir GEORGE COLLEY can immediately dispose. Their hopes will have been confirmed by the hitherto unexplained defeat of an English detachment. The general result is unfortunately not doubtful; but it is difficult to believe Mr. JOUBERT'S account of the combat. He asserts that, on the refusal of the officer in command to suspend his march, the detachment, after an exchange of one or two volleys, capitulated in a few minutes to an inferior force of raw volunteers. The statement has since been to some extent authoritatively contradicted. It appears that the first account of the slaughter resulting from a surprise was not inaccurate.

The rumour of an alliance between the Boers of the Orange Free State and the insurgents in the Transvaal is likely to be well founded. Mr. BRAND, President of the Free State, has for the most part maintained friendly relations with the Imperial and Colonial Governments, though during his visit to England three or four years ago he gave no encouragement to Lord CAERNARVON'S proposal of federation. During the Basuto war the colonial forces have been allowed to pass freely through the territory of the Free State, until the approach of the outbreak in the Transvaal, when difficulties were for the first time raised by some of the local authorities. In ordinary times the Dutch of the Republic probably understand that the white population of South Africa has a common interest in repressing the pretensions of the natives to independence. In disarming the Basutos the Cape Government was incidentally securing the neighbouring Free State from the possible hostility of a formidable enemy. Residents in the country may perhaps not share the disapprobation of Mr. SPRIGG'S policy which has been expressed both by professed philanthropists and by official politicians in England. The earlier disasters of the conflict had apparently been redeemed, for all recent accounts concur in representing the colonial forces as generally successful, especially in the capture of large numbers of sheep and cattle. The whole conditions of the struggle may be reversed if the Orange Free State is closed to the English columns. The vast and thinly-inhabited territory of the Republic extends along the entire length of the Basuto country, and separates it from the colony. The rebellious natives would be quick to discern the difficulties of their adversaries; and they would also perceive that during the continuance of the war in the Transvaal they have little to apprehend on the side of Natal. That a virtual alliance with uncivilized tribes against European supremacy would be suicidal is no security against its being adopted under the influence of passion and prejudice. It is possible that the Boers of the Free State may attempt to distinguish between the interest of the Cape Colony in coercing the Basutos, and the claim of the English Government to the sovereignty of the Transvaal; but such an attempt would certainly fail. Any assistance which may be given to the insurgents will effect a diversion in favour of the Basutos.

In less scrupulous times a Government suddenly, if not treacherously, attacked by rebellious subjects, would not have hesitated to use all the means which could be discovered for checking and punishing the insurgents. It is believed that the Boers have long before their declaration of war set the example of resorting to native assistance; but the Imperial Government cannot ally itself with savages against civilized opponents. It has, in fact, though not of set purpose, relieved the Boers of the Transvaal from contingent dangers which might perhaps have deterred them from insurrection. SECOOENI, who had brought the former Republic to the verge of destruction, and CETEWAYO, who had repeatedly announced his intention of washing his spears in the blood of the Boers, have

both been crushed by English arms since the date of the annexation. If the two potentates still threatened the frontier of the Transvaal, the English protectorate would have been endured, even if it had not been cordially liked. A section of Dutch politicians at the Cape has encouraged the separatist tendencies which could not fail to display themselves in the Transvaal. One of the inconveniences of popular government of the modern type is the inevitable existence of an Opposition which naturally occupies itself in thwarting the policy of the Government. The mischief is aggravated in communities where there are jealousies of race as well as party dissensions. The well-advised part of the Dutch population probably welcomed the resumption of English allegiance by a community of their own blood and language. Though federation has been postponed, the English provinces will inevitably hereafter form some kind of political union, either by a federal constitution or by the extension of the limits of the colony. In such a contingency the Dutch element would be reinforced by the addition to the Cape of the wide region of the Transvaal. It is not surprising that another party should resent the annexation of a Dutch province which had for some years enjoyed independence. The singularly inopportune time and manner in which the union was effected furnished abundant ground for adverse criticism; but, on the whole, the sounder view seems, down to the recent rupture, to have prevailed at the Cape. The subject of the Transvaal has been rarely discussed in the colonial Parliament; and Sir BARTLE FRERE's extraordinary popularity was in no degree impaired when, as the organ of the Imperial Government, he had informed the Transvaal remonstrants that there was no prospect of the restoration of their independence. Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues may justly take credit to themselves for the general suspension during their term of office of apparent antagonism between the English and the Dutch. Sir G. COLLEY's judicious language will tend to allay any tendency to natural jealousy which may exist among the Dutch of the colony. He shows both good taste and sound judgment in warning the troops who may be engaged in the contest that the Boers of the Transvaal are brave men of civilized rank. It is left for passionate and irresponsible declaimers to denounce by anticipation as cowards the yet unsubdued descendants of one of the bravest nations of the world.

It is well that the concurrence of both political parties in the blunder perpetrated at the Transvaal will prevent recrimination, or at least render it innocuous. Neither Lord KIMBERLEY nor Mr. GLADSTONE at the time disapproved of the annexation, and Lord KIMBERLEY's former subordinate at the Colonial Office publicly, and without remonstrance from his superiors, applauded the measure. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, afterwards denounced with characteristic significance the forcible substitution of monarchical rule for Republican institutions; and, in his animosity against Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government, he declared that the independence of the Transvaal ought to be restored; but he had estopped himself from objecting to the transaction by not protesting at the time, and he afterwards repudiated his later pledge when he had official power to redeem it. It oddly happens that almost the only member of Parliament who has been consistent in denouncing the annexation is admitted to the ranks of the Administration at the very moment when the Transvaal has risen in insurrection. It is possible that the leaders of the rebellion may be encouraged by the promotion of their most conspicuous advocate; but the coincidence of the appointment with the outbreak of war was probably accidental; and it would have been hard on Mr. COURTNEY to be excluded from office merely because he had happened almost alone to take the correct view of an important political question. If the vacancy had occurred in the Colonial Office instead of the Home Office, it would not have been convenient to appoint a declared opponent of the policy to which the Government is committed. There is no reason to doubt that Lord KIMBERLEY will act consistently with his former policy, and his intentions will be vigorously expounded in the House of Commons by Mr. GRANT DUFF.

#### THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

FOR persons who delight to exercise their powers of political and military divination, there is probably no subject so promising at the present time as the progress of the expedition which, under the command of General SKOBELEFF, is striving to vindicate the prestige of Russia, to avenge the defeat of Geok Tepe, and to open the route to Merv. For many months since, and even before the collapse of LAZAREFF's attempt, the sources of intelligence on the subject have been almost wholly Russian. When the Czar's Generals turned away correspondents from their camp, one only, the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, persevered in the attempt to tap some new source of information. After long hanging about in the Astrabad district, this Correspondent journeyed to Teheran, and thence to Meshed, the chief town of the North-Western frontier district of Persia, where, with not a little difficulty, he obtained permission to try his chance among the robber tribes who strike equal terror into Russians and Persians. From Meshed he made his way to Derguez or Deregez, the last station on Turkish territory, a short distance only from Askabad, the capital of the Western Turkoman tribes, and a somewhat greater distance from the guarded hold of Geok Tepe itself. Further than this he does not seem to have hitherto succeeded in getting. This Correspondent, however, who is not actually on the spot, and whose messages have to find their way by the circuitous route of Meshed and Teheran, is absolutely the only source of anything like first-hand or rather of good second-hand information, independent of the Russian official bulletins, or of such rumours as may leak out as to the real contents of the telegrams sent by General SKOBELEFF. Of these the first are almost entirely untrustworthy; the second, for the most part guesses, come either from St. Petersburg or from Vienna, and require to be taken with an inordinate number of grains of salt. It is only by putting two and two together, and venturing not a little in the way of conjectural interpretation, that anything like a probable account of what is actually going on can be made up.

One thing is as nearly as may be certain, and that is that in Christmas week important engagements took place; and it is also very nearly certain that these engagements resulted in loss to the Russians, perhaps in loss not very much less than on the former occasion when they went down before the fiery onset of the desert cavalry. The situation had been known to be growing critical for some time. General SKOBELEFF had gradually been accumulating the resources upon which he intended principally to rely for his attack on the Tekke stronghold; that is to say, a very large number of guns and mitrailleuses, an arm in which he was certain to meet with little opposition in kind, and which might be thought likely to produce especial effect on undisciplined foes, defended only by mud walls. It was also rumoured, though this rumour rested on somewhat slender foundation, that General KUROPATKINE had come to his aid with a considerable Russian force from Samarcand and the Eastern Khanates. This latter item of intelligence was extremely important if true, for hitherto the road from the north and east to the Tekke oases had been considered simply impassable. A single caravan track is marked on the map from Khiva to a point considerably to the eastward of any that the Russians have yet reached; another from Khiva to Merv; others again from the course of the Amu Darya to the same place. But these latter, passing through the territory of the Merv Tekkes—more numerous, warlike, and hostile than the Akkals themselves—might be considered as hopelessly out of the question, and any Russian expedition which, starting from Charjui or elsewhere on the great river, should reach Geok Tepe, would have made its way by a practically new route. General KUROPATKINE's arrival, therefore, at least in any force, seemed in the highest degree improbable. At the same time it was certain that the Tekkes had received considerable reinforcements—certain because the rumours to that effect were confirmed independently from the source already alluded to, the force having passed close to Deregez. This reinforcement amounted, it was said, to eight thousand men mounted on camels and asses, and having some few guns with them. Whether these had actually joined the defenders of Geok Tepe or not at the time of fighting cannot be determined. But it seems that on Christmas Eve an engagement, and no small one, was fought.

Putting the Russian official account and the independent report together, it seems that General SKOBELEFF, annoyed at the successful attacks of the Tekkes on his communications, ordered either a regular attack or a reconnaissance in force, that he was stoutly resisted, that he had to bring up reinforcements, and that finally he had to retreat to Bami. Two guns are said to have been lost, but recovered by the Russians; and the same semi-official source declares that the loss of the Turcomans from mitrailleuses and artillery was very heavy, while the Russian loss was a doctor wounded, a soldier killed, and three men wounded. Now here, as constantly in reference to this Central Asian matter, the Russians have shown themselves unskilful in the art of cooking despatches. Seven companies of infantry, two hundred cavalry, and artillery to match are not usually able to fight for four hours with twenty thousand men who show daring and persistence (we give the Russian figures and phrases), at the cost of one man killed and four wounded—among them not a single combatant officer. Nor is a retreat, after the loss (even if it were followed by recapture) of guns, usually allowed by victorious troops in vastly superior numbers, and almost wholly mounted men, to take place on such terms. It is extremely probable that the vague Persian report subsequently received of a Russian loss of three thousand is exaggerated the other way. But it will take a good deal to persuade most people that the invaders have not suffered another serious repulse, and this is, it seems, the apprehension felt in St. Petersburg. This apprehension may be unfounded, but the Russian Government has only to thank for it the persistent and bungling mendacity of those who concoct its bulletins in this Turcoman matter.

The important thing for Englishmen, of course, is not so much the fact of this particular Russian reverse, but the effect that it is likely to exercise on the whole plan of the Russian expedition. At present the deliberate judgment of all competent observers at a distance, corroborated by that of the only competent observer anywhere near the spot, is that the Czar's advisers are bent on the present conquest and annexation of the Akkal Tekkes, to be followed, though at an indefinite period, by similar action in respect to Merv. It is thought, however, that, in gratitude to HER MAJESTY'S present Government, and as a consideration for value received, action against Merv is likely to be stayed. But, although this new reverse, if it be a fact, would show the difficulties which await the Russians in their progress eastward from the Caspian, the Russian commanders in these out-of-the-way districts are not wont to be discouraged by difficulties. That nothing can prevent them in the long run from getting the better, unless Persia took up a resolute attitude of unfriendly neutrality, seems certain, and that Persia is, especially in existing circumstances, extremely unlikely to adopt any such attitude, is all but certain. The presence of the victor of Maiwand undisturbed at Herat, and the announced withdrawal from Candahar, may be said to settle this question. The Persians would hardly be sensible men if they refused to wink at one powerful neighbour suppressing a very troublesome set of other neighbours, the refusal being for the sake of a third neighbour, who is far off, who is apparently indifferent about the matter, and who carries her indifference so far that she does not even care to avenge her own wrongs or keep her own conquests in the same part of the world. But, in reality, the point of importance in the late intelligence is the truth or falsity of the arrival of General KUROPATKINE in the Akkal settlements from the Amu Darya. That arrival, unless it was a mere exploring party that accompanied the General, would settle the question as to the power of Russian troops to traverse easily, and with comparative rapidity, the belt of desert which separates their actual central Asian possessions from the Persian and Afghan frontiers. The confidence of those who believe in the inaccessibility of India was, or ought to have been, not a little shaken by the easy march of AYUB with guns and troops of all arms from Herat to Candahar. The march of KUROPATKINE, if it were a fact, from the Amu Darya to the neighbourhood of Geok Tepe, would be an additional shock of the same kind. Certain partisans of the "backward" policy would appear to meet this by a sufficiently original argument—"If your frontiers are too accessible, push them back." As an argument *pour rire* this is good; for any other purpose it is scarcely worth serious consideration. The absence of confirmation of the KUROPATKINE march and the presence

of confirmation of SKOBELEFF's defeat would, of course, be satisfactory enough in their way. But whether they would do more than adjourn the day of the Tekkes' overthrow is doubtful. Even putting selfish considerations apart, it is impossible to avoid regret at the uselessness of such displays of valour on the part of a brave people borne down by the sheer brute force of an enormous and unscrupulous Empire.

#### THE LAST SPEECHES OF THE RECESS.

THE speeches delivered on the eve of the meeting of Parliament close a definite stage of political controversy. The issues on which parties are divided will henceforth be more clearly defined, and the policy of the Government will be judged not by mere conjecture, but in reference to official apologies and declarations. During the recess, the Government has derived a certain advantage from the inability of friends and enemies to comprehend its obstinate inaction. It seemed that there must be some reason for a course which admitted of no obvious explanation. In default of plausible conjectures, it only remained for both parties to confine themselves to obvious commonplaces. Ministerial speakers at all hazards applauded the determination of the Government to abide by the law, however inoperative it might prove, in the shape in which it happened to exist at a critical moment. It has never been explained why a certain machinery for the protection of life and property should be indefeasibly sacred, even when it has ceased to perform the function for which it was designed; but partisans have a natural propensity to satisfy themselves with cant. Their leaders have indulged their taste with contemptuous indifference to reason and to plausibility. Force, according to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, is not the proper remedy for discontent. Other purveyors of sophistry quote the hackneyed and misunderstood assertion of CAVOUR, that any man can govern with a state of siege, forgetting that in the meantime Ireland has not been governed at all. Sir WILFRID LAWSON at a meeting a few days ago at Cokermonth caricatured the language of faction by attacking the late Government in language which had the fault not only of injustice but of anachronism. The dullest Liberals, notwithstanding their unwillingness to admit new impressions, must be tired of sweeping denunciations of Lord BEACONSFIELD and his policy. A year ago there might be some pleasure in hearing that the Ministers of the day were guilty, according to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, of "murder, robbery, false witness, and stealing." Of late they have neither murdered nor robbed, nor have they even engaged in a naval demonstration.

Remembering at last that even a Liberal audience is likely to be thinking rather of the Land League than of Lord BEACONSFIELD's delinquencies, Sir WILFRID LAWSON thought fit to assert that "the melancholy state of Ireland" is very much due to the proceedings of the late Tory "Government." They had been in power for six years, and they had not redressed any of the crowning wrongs of Ireland. As the crowning wrongs, if they mean anything, consist of the tenure of land, it seems unreasonable to blame the late Government for not reopening the questions which they found freshly settled by the Land Act of 1870. Their predecessors had undertaken to solve the problem, and within ten years it was too soon to assume that the experiment had been fully tried. It is true that the late Ministers involved themselves in some unnecessary squabbles with the majority of Irish members. They might prudently have deprived them of an excuse for factious opposition by assenting to slightly mischievous Bills for the reduction of the Parliamentary and municipal franchise. The admission to the suffrage of the lowest rabble could not alter for the worse the representation which includes the tradesmen and adventurers who are the principal members of the Land League. On the other hand, the Home Rule party cared but little for the rejection of their measures, and the result of six years of Tory rule was, if Mr. GLADSTONE may be trusted, a condition of loyalty and content which had never before been known in Ireland. The Government was not, even by its adversaries, held responsible for the failure of crops in 1879; and it showed no want of good will and activity in providing for the consequent wants of the population. The distress was subsiding when Mr. GLADSTONE, for his own purposes, discovered the existence of universal peace and good will.

It was at the moment necessary to account for the non-renewal of the Peace Preservation Act, which could not directly have been allowed to expire, if there had been the smallest foundation for Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S charges.

Mr. COWEN deals with political questions in a more serious spirit than Sir WILFRID LAWSON; and his independence and originality of thought always render his speeches worthy of attention. A great part of an address which he delivered to his constituents a few days ago was occupied with subjects which have lately fallen into the background. Mr. COWEN condemned, not for the first time, the artificial arrangements by which the Birmingham League suppresses independence and withholds toleration. To a politician who, though a zealous democrat, has a sincere attachment to freedom, the substitution of a factious oligarchy for a large constituency justly appears to be a gross abuse of electoral power. Those inhabitants of Birmingham and its confederated towns who decline to ally themselves with the dominant party are as completely disfranchised both for local and Imperial purposes as the Roman Catholics of two centuries ago. Mr. COWEN, a Liberal of the Liberals, was strong and popular enough to defy the Newcastle offshoot from Birmingham; and consequently the Liberal Association tendered its submission to a resolute antagonist. He now repeats his well-founded objections to an organization which is nevertheless perhaps a necessary result of a widely extended franchise. A similar system in America has been found irresistible. In England the Liberal Associations have not yet reached the stage in which they will be manipulated for purposes of corruption by professional managers. The actual leaders are content with the assertion of their own political supremacy, and with the exclusion of their adversaries from all share in the administration of the revenues to which they contribute. The abortive attack on Mr. COWEN was provoked by his independent action in matters of foreign policy. In his late speech he called attention to the sudden subsidence of the agitation which he had not feared to encounter at its height.

By always adhering to his own convictions, Mr. COWEN has in a certain sense earned the right to be sometimes in the wrong. It is known that his errors are not the result of servile deference to party; yet it has never been easy to understand his tenderness for Irish agitation, and even for the theory of Home Rule. In his late speech he denounced "the resort to the old, vicious, and ignoble device of coercion, 'the nostrum,' as he oddly remarked, 'of all timid political physicians since the days of DRACO.'" It had not been known that DRACO introduced measures for extraordinary coercion by suspending the Habeas Corpus, or in any other form. DRACO'S vigorous legislation probably required no occasional supplement in the nature of Peace Preservation Acts. The practice of "Boycotting," which Mr. COWEN describes as a vast system of exclusive dealing, is not, in his judgment, illegal, if not supported by terror or conspiracy. It is notorious that in fact the system depends exclusively on terror, inasmuch as those who refuse to share in the enforcement of social excommunication are in every instance threatened or punished. Mr. COWEN cannot even in this instance be accused of subserviency to the Government which, as he had reason to know at the time, had already resolved to introduce a Coercion Bill. One charge which he made against the Ministers was scarcely just. "Except the Law Officers and a few 'courtiers,' there was not an Irishman in the present 'Government.'" A short time ago there was an Irish Under-Secretary in the person of Lord LANSDOWNE; but the Government cannot appoint Irish commoners to office because they would forfeit their seats. Mr. GLADSTONE had the merit of defying a foolish clamour which he probably anticipated by appointing a Roman Catholic Irish nobleman to a high Court office. Since that time, Lord KENNARE has been driven by the Land League from Ireland, where he has also been compelled to discontinue improvements of the land which provided remunerative employment for the labouring population.

It is unfortunate that Mr. COWEN should have indirectly countenanced the monstrous doctrine that force is no remedy for disorder. The opposite proposition is opportunely illustrated by the recent experience of the State of Pennsylvania. In that favoured country there are neither landlords nor English intruders; and in Schuylkill county an Irish community had until lately for five-and-twenty years uninterruptedly practised home rule on the

principles of the Land League. The population was organized under the title of the Molly Maguires which had been imported from the mother-country. Murder, torture, mutilation of animals, were as habitually practised as in the worst parts of Connaught; nor was innocence or harmlessness any protection to peaceable inhabitants, if they chanced to violate the decrees of the dominant jury of ruffians. The characteristic combination of anarchy and despotism could have scarcely been attributed even by a new-made English judge to the impulsive generosity which he supposes to have been perverted in Ireland by aristocratic oppression. The truth is that immunity from punishment ensures the continuance of crime, when it has once become habitual. Public opinion among the miners of Schuylkill was, as in Mayo or Sligo, wholly on the side of the ruffian majority. A less barbarous population might probably be tempted in similar circumstances to indulge with little restraint the passions of cupidity, of envy, and revenge. There may perhaps have been Democratic or Republican leaders who completed the analogy between the Molly Maguires and the Land League by encouraging crime for their own political purposes; but in most parts of the United States the real majority is on the side of order; and at last the condition of Schuylkill became intolerable to the State authorities. Mr. GOWEN, President of the Reading Railroad, not only refused to submit to the dictation of the Irish conspirators, but he prosecuted their ringleaders with so much vigour and success that twenty-three offenders were hanged. Since that time peace and the supremacy of law have been established in Schuylkill. A less stern vindication of law and justice would have sufficed three months ago to prevent the creation of anarchy in Ireland. Mr. COWEN will probably find himself on this point in a small minority. Mr. CHITTY'S speech at Oxford probably represents the average opinion of Liberal members; and even Mr. FAWCETT protested at Manchester against the reckless declarations of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The language of Conservative speakers, especially if they are not in Parliament, has, for the present, less practical importance; but Mr. LOWTHER has removed a common misapprehension by publicly stating that, as Chief Secretary, he was charged by the Government with the conduct of a Bill for the continuance of the Peace Preservation Act. Mr. LOWTHER'S denunciation of any interference with the rights of property in Ireland seems not to have been concerted with the leaders of his party.

#### EPPING FOREST.

SIR THOMAS NELSON has not allowed judgment in the Epping Forest case to go by default. In the *Standard* of Tuesday he undertakes to answer the strictures to which his advocacy of the proposed extension of the Great Eastern Railway to High Beech has exposed him. As regards some of these comments his reply is complete. It is a misfortune that controversies should ever be conducted in the spirit which has apparently animated certain defenders of what we still believe to be the public interest. Suggestions that the Conservators are neglecting their duty by allowing the Forest to be again absorbed by greedy speculators, or that the explanation of Sir THOMAS NELSON'S support of the scheme is to be sought in "private ends rather than the public advantage," defeat their own purpose. If these charges were true, the task of those who seek to protect the Forest against the threatened invasion would be very much easier. What makes it difficult is the fact that the motives of those who support the projected railway and of those who oppose it are at bottom identical. The latter are contending, not against the subordination of public interests to private, but against a mistaken theory of public interests.

Sir THOMAS NELSON says, quite truly, that Epping Forest was preserved "for the recreation and enjoyment of 'the four million inhabitants of the metropolis.'" From this he draws the conclusion that "there cannot be 'too much facility given for getting to and enjoying it.'" This is true or false according to the sense in which the word "enjoying" is used. We contend that the enjoyment that ought to be aimed at is the enjoyment not only of as large a number of persons as possible, but also of as many various tastes as possible. If the four million inhabitants of London could be polled, it is quite possible that a majority of them would say that

the best way of making the Forest minister to their enjoyment would be to lay it out as a vast garden, with walks and drives cut through it in all directions, and seats and refreshment-rooms erected at short intervals. The objection to this method of dealing with the Forest is that it consults the pleasure of one class of persons only, and that, in order to give them more of a kind of enjoyment which they already have in considerable abundance, the pleasure of other classes is sacrificed. Among the four millions of Londoners for whom Sir THOMAS NELSON pleads, there are some to whom such a treatment of the Forest would be in the highest degree distasteful. They set a very high value on the "seclusion and solitude" which parts of the Forest have till now retained. It is not in the least a case of rich against poor. There is no reason why the poor should not be desirous on their rare holidays of leaving the sights and sounds of a great city for a moment behind them. In every class of the community there will be men and women who have the tastes of the naturalist, of the artist, even of the poet, strongly developed. The only chance they have of gratifying these tastes is an occasional day spent in the country, and nowhere can such a day be had so easily as in Epping Forest. There, if they do not mind a couple of miles' walk, and are not deterred by having to climb a hill, and possibly getting their feet wet, they can still find a country which is in a great measure unspoiled. When once they have left the main roads behind them, there is little fear of their being interrupted by the companions who have travelled with them in the train, and who have found equally congenial pleasures at a point very much nearer to the railway station. To these last the best parts of the Forest are still inaccessible. They do not care to wander so far afield. Sir THOMAS NELSON will no doubt object that in saying this we have really conceded all he asks. What is the good of preserving the Forest for the public, if it is suffered to remain inaccessible to the very public for which it has been preserved? The answer is that there is room enough in the Forest for all, and that it is bad policy to deprive the minority of a pleasure which cannot be replaced in order to give the majority more of a pleasure of which they already have a fair store. If the pleasures of the minority and those of the majority were really conflicting, if the minority could not retain the solitude and seclusion they now command in the Forest without depriving the majority of the pleasures which are involved in the idea of accessibility, there would be nothing more to be said. In dealing with public property the interest of the greater number has a paramount title to be considered. But, when the interest of the greater number has been considered, the minority may put in their claim. If it is possible to please them as well as the majority, that is a better arrangement than one which pleases only the majority.

As regards Epping Forest, the wants of the ordinary excursionist are amply supplied. He does not care to have seclusion or solitude; on the contrary, he prefers the cheerfulness and company which remind him of the "Welsh Harp" or the Alexandra Palace. Indeed, but for the cost of admission, he would probably prefer to go to one or other of these places; the merit of Epping Forest is not that he sees more of nature, but that he pays less for what he sees. The existing lines of railway give him all that he wants in the way of access to the Forest. If the new line is opened, he will do no more at the station at High Beech than he already does at the stations at Chingford or Loughton. He comes for a day in the country; but his theory of what constitutes a day in the country is an extremely modest one. If he is young, his ideal probably includes a skittle-ground, and perhaps a field in which he can play cricket. If he is old, a similar field serves for his children's games, and gives him a space in which he can saunter about and look on. If High Beech were the only part of the Forest where these simple enjoyments could be had, the extension of the railway thither might be a very proper step. But, when High Beech is added to the list of places within reach of this type of visitor, he will have gained nothing; while the minority, who now visit it for other objects, will have lost all that made High Beech specially delightful. Indeed Sir THOMAS NELSON's argument might be urged with equal force as a plea for filling up the Serpentine. So much of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens as is now covered with water is inaccessible to the majority of visitors. Only those who go down to the stream in boats can thoroughly

profit by it. If it were drained and filled up there would be a large additional space in which four millions of Londoners could stroll and sit. Sir THOMAS NELSON will be at no loss to point out the fallacy in this argument. He will say at once that the existence of the Serpentine gives a distinct and specific pleasure to the boating minority, while there is quite enough of dry land to give the non-boating majority all that they are in search of. The case of Epping Forest supplies an exact parallel. There is a particular part of the Forest which now yields a distinct and specific pleasure to the few who frequent it. The object of extending the railway to High Beech is to throw open this particular part of the Forest to a very much larger number of persons—not to share the pleasure of the few, but to enjoy a pleasure which will be fatal to that of the few, and which can already be had in quite sufficient abundance elsewhere. Sir THOMAS NELSON's motives in advocating this measure are most praiseworthy; but, in his desire to increase the existing facilities for getting to the Forest, he has unintentionally lost sight of the object for which these facilities exist. Every fresh road or railway does something to destroy the picturesqueness of the district through which it is carried; and when a district is specially reserved to the public on account of its picturesqueness, it is expedient, so soon as the rational wants of that public have been satisfied, that no more roads or railways should be made.

#### JEWES AND GERMANS.

THE coming in of the New Year was celebrated at Berlin in a way new and peculiar, but no doubt very gratifying to a large majority of those who witnessed it. The great anti-Semitic movement, as it is the fashion to call a craze for bullying the Jews, took the form of forcible measures against those Jews who, at a time of what is supposed to be general festivity, were venturing to drink beer in places of public resort. That Jews should presume to be happy, publicly happy, and should seek happiness in the consumption of something so sacredly German as beer, was too much for the irritable nerves of a number of fine young bloods whom the winter vacation has sent home from the Universities. They wrecked the cafés, and drove the beer-drinking Jews out of those polluted establishments. The Jews were, in short, suddenly "Boycotted," and told that, much as they might long for beer, no beer should be sold them. And, as if to make the parallel complete, and to show that another Limerick had risen on the banks of the Spree, we are told that the police were quite powerless, and had to fold their hands and look on helplessly while these outrages were perpetrated. Nor was the Executive Government in the least shocked by what had happened. It did not mind its police being powerless or harmless citizens assaulted. It calmly wrapped itself up in the thought that this was all part of the anti-Semitic movement. Meanwhile those who do not like using their fists use their pens, and add their signatures to a gigantic petition to Prince BISMARCK, in which he will be requested to do something very strong, if not very intelligible, to hurt the Jews. Oratory, of course, abounds; and solemn meetings are held, in which unfeeling crowds listen to expressions of German hatred and expositions of Jewish crime. That Jews in some countries and on some occasions commit crimes is certain, for there was a striking number of Jewish names in the short list of those who recently tried to murder the Czar. It may, however, be remarked that there was also in this short list an equally striking number of German names. It is said also, although the evidence in support of the allegation for the most part broke down, that during the mania of German prosperity Jews figured as promoters of rotten Companies. Even if they did, they had shoals of respectable Germans to keep them company. Their real crime is that of having money and of having lent it. Their debtors hate them because they are their debtors. Times are bad, and those who are struggling with adversity hate those who want to realize their securities.

When once a slumbering dislike to the Jews as Jews is fanned into activity by such a cause as this, many antipathies combine to swell the volume of hate. They are foreigners, and most nations have a profound aversion to foreigners. And then they are not only

foreigners, but foreigners organized into a distinct body or clique, and organized bodies of foreigners are apt to be regarded with aversion and suspicion. Some of these cultivated beerhouse wreckers may probably have undergone a sufficient amount of the softening influences of a classical education to remember the horror with which Imperial Rome regarded the formation of any queer body of people into anything like a society. Then the Jews who have got into a thriving position disarrange German society, and disarrange it more than they would disarrange the society of a more advanced country. German society is still the society of those who belong to a poor and numerous aristocracy, and of those who are excluded from it. Such a society is sure to dislike and resist anything like purse-proud, coarse, or vulgar ostentation. Some allowance, too, must be made for the popular dislike of the look of the Jews. It may be a prejudice, but to the ordinary European their appearance is not attractive. Of course there are exceptions. There are Jews and Jewesses who are handsome, good, and modest; but the bulk of Jews do not win favour in the eyes of Europeans. Altogether, therefore, it is not very wonderful that the Germans should feel and manifest some dislike of the Jews. What is slightly wonderful is that the cultivated and liberal part of the nation should be so utterly unable to check this outburst of ill-feeling. And, what is still more wonderful, is that the Government should not do something to stop the violence to which the feeling now gives rise. That the police of Berlin should have to stand still in a state of bewildered helplessness while property is wrecked and persons assaulted under their eyes might have been thought to be a precedent on which Prince BISMARCK would not have looked with complacency.

It is said that Prince BISMARCK and other members of the Government have communicated with the EMPEROR on the subject of the impulse which a violent Court Preacher has given to this anti-Semitic movement, and have asked that his unseemly license of tongue should be checked. To this the EMPEROR is stated to have replied that the Court Preacher had committed no political offence, and that if he had committed an ecclesiastical offence, it was for the Church authorities to punish him. It is hardly possible to suppose that the story can be true in the form in which it is given. When Prince BISMARCK remonstrates, he is not apt to let his remonstrances pass unheeded; and the EMPEROR cannot have supposed so totally irrelevant an answer would have been good enough for any one, and least of all for his terrible CHANCELLOR. But the story may have just truth enough in it to indicate that this anti-Semitic movement is regarded, if not with approval, yet with much equanimity in very high quarters. The EMPEROR could do much to discountenance it, and Prince BISMARCK could snuff it out if he breathed on it the faintest breath of hearty disapproval. But neither the EMPEROR nor the PRINCE have any more to say about it than if it was a movement that was going on in Italy or Spain. It is not impossible to conjecture how this can happen. The EMPEROR in a very strong degree, and Prince BISMARCK in some degree, may share the feelings of the German aristocracy, and feel that their set is spoilt by the intrusion of rich Jews. Then Prince BISMARCK knows that Germans, and especially small German cultivators, are going through a bad time, and may both pity them and feel some anxiety as to the political consequences of their distress. He has had recourse to Protection to befriend them, and both he and they have found that Protection has not done them much good. But, if the Government cannot help them, the small Jew money-lenders can hurt them; and it may not be altogether inconvenient that popular indignation against these humble SHYLOCKS should absorb the attention of those who might otherwise ponder in a painful manner over the inability of the Government to make good the promises with which the introduction of Protection was accompanied. The German nature, too, must sometimes have its way, and if there is a coarse and harsh streak in this nature, Prince BISMARCK may think that it cannot always be concealed, and that, if any people are to suffer by its being revealed, it may as well be the Jews who are injured. The great aim of Prince BISMARCK's life is to strengthen and direct the national spirit, so that a new Germany may grow out of it, and the whole basis of this movement is that it is an exaltation of all that is specially German

and a degradation of all that is specially anti-German. If it has no other merit, this movement does at least swallow up particularism in an absorbing national sentiment. All that can be hoped is that before long Prince BISMARCK, whatever may have been his reasons for letting this movement have some play, will come to the conclusion that he and Germany have had enough of it.

#### CITIZEN BLANQUI.

THE record of a wasted life is never pleasant reading, and seldom has a life been more wasted than that of the veteran revolutionist who was buried on Wednesday. It certainly cannot be said of BLANQUI that he hid his talent in a napkin. He could do seemingly but one thing, but that one thing he was always doing. Each morning he called upon his faculties—soul, in his own opinion, he had none—to awake and run their daily course of conspiracy. Close upon half his life was actually spent in prison for political offences, and the larger part of the rest was passed either in preparing himself for a fresh sentence or in evading a sentence already passed. His political creed seems to have been precisely that of the Russian Nihilists. He had no desire to build up new institutions, and not impossibly was conscious of his own unfitness for such a work. But he held that the time for building up had not yet come. The only instrument he cared to wield was the besom of destruction. He revolted not against this government or that one, but against governments generally. Whether he thought that there were degrees of wickedness among them does not appear; what is certain is that he held every one of them to be too bad to be suffered to live a moment after it seemed possible to destroy it. He fought against the Monarchy which the Revolution of July pulled down, and against the Monarchy which the Revolution of July set up. More than half of LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign he was in prison, and he was only a free agent for about three months of the Republic of 1848. The Provisional Government was founded in February, and in March BLANQUI was organizing a demonstration against it. He repeated the experiment in April, and by May he had qualified himself for a fresh imprisonment. He was so little at large under the Empire that he had scarcely any opportunity of conspiring against it, though he saved his reputation by being condemned to death in August 1870, for an attempted seizure of arms. He liked the Government of National Defence no better than those which had gone before it, and played a prominent part in the insurrection of the 31st of October, 1870. If the Commune had had a little more success, he would no doubt have conspired against that. His theory was that all institutions being bad, right must always be on the side of the destroyer. "What exists," he told the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, "is 'so bad that what is put in its place will always be better.'" His Nihilism however was less advanced in one way than the Russian form of the same views, since BLANQUI was content with the ordinary methods of dealing with the institutions he detested. In this respect he was a commonplace conspirator. His attempts to upset a government always took the old-fashioned shape of a popular rising.

The clemency of the Republic had of late been very injurious to his popularity. So long as he was excluded from the Amnesty, he was so far interesting to the people of Bordeaux that they were willing to return him as their deputy. His election was annulled, and the Government then took what proved to be effectual means to save themselves from having to annul it over again. They pardoned him. A pardoned conspirator is like yesterday's newspaper, and so the electors of Bordeaux thought. BLANQUI again asked their votes, but this time he was defeated. His last enterprise was the starting of a newspaper; but even in Paris there are certain conditions with which a newspaper must comply if it is to be prosperous. *Ni Dieu ni Maître* had the advantage of a most prepossessing title; but it must be presumed that the public which it addressed did not think its contents equal to its name, since, from being a daily, it has lately become a weekly, paper. Under the Commune M. BLANQUI was still more unlucky, for the paper he then edited came to an end altogether. Probably the gifts of writing himself and of finding those who could write were alike denied him, and the most advanced principles will not float a newspaper if they are not presented in a way that takes hold of the reader. Besides

this, the hoary head is not exactly a crown of glory when it is found in the way of revolution. The French Communists are like Oxford undergraduates; they prefer to be coached by a man who is himself fresh from the schools. BLANQUI came at last to be regarded as a respectable but superannuated professor—a man who had known something in his day, but had been superseded by later authorities.

The quiet which prevailed at his funeral will probably be used as an argument to prove that the extreme party in Paris has ceased to be in any way formidable. Whether or not this is a correct view we shall not attempt to say, but it is not evident how such a conclusion can be drawn from the proceedings of Wednesday. Funerals are ordinarily seized upon as occasions for political demonstrations when the Government is too firmly seated to be attacked in any more practical way. When it is not safe to make a political speech, it may be expedient to organize a huge procession by way of showing how many people there are who would have something to say if they were only free to say it. At present the Paris Communists are under no such restraint. They have abundance of occasions on which to tell the Government what they think of it, and they were consequently under no special inducement to march through the streets in the rear of BLANQUI's coffin. It was noticed that many of those who did attend the funeral were old men; and it may be inferred that such homage as was paid to BLANQUI's memory came rather from his own contemporaries than from that younger generation which makes the stuff of every revolution. Further than this, when the Government takes credit for the success with which the Communists are kept down, it becomes necessary to inquire in what sense the term is employed. Certainly there are no overt attempts at insurrection; and so far the Government can point to facts as constituting a tribute to its merits. But then it is impossible to give unreserved praise to an Executive for the resolution which it has displayed in not doing what there has been no opportunity for it to do. If we pass from action to speech, it cannot be said that the Communists have been suppressed. We give no opinion on the question whether it would have been wise or unwise to silence them. All that calls for notice is the fact that they are not silenced. The speeches at BLANQUI's grave seem to have been chiefly made up of praises of the Commune and predictions of its restoration; and this is equally the staple of nine-tenths of the political oratory which now delights the Parisian workman. It may, we repeat, be quite prudent in the Government to treat these utterances with contempt, but to treat with contempt is one thing and to suppress is another, and the terms ought not to be interchanged at pleasure. The policy of the Republic ever since the Amnesty has been to let the Commune alone; but, whatever other advantages may attend upon this policy, there seems no reason for crediting it with having made Communism harmless. The passions which prompted the worst outrages of May 1871 are as violent as ever, and only want a favourable conjunction of circumstances to burst out with all their old fierceness. No disproof of this conviction is furnished by the comparatively small attendance at BLANQUI's funeral. The Communists are too well acquainted with their own strength to be under any obligation to waste shoe-leather in a journey to a cemetery. Some years ago such a demonstration might have seemed to them necessary, because their very existence was then disputed. To-day nobody doubts that they exist; the only question is, to what use their existence is likely to be turned. They are naturally not anxious to enlighten the Government prematurely on this point, and, even if they were, they would probably find some other means of doing so than taking part in a purposeless procession.

#### THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT.

IF any one was inclined to build any very great expectations upon the Employers' Liability Act, which came into operation last Saturday, he must by this time have had his hopes considerably dashed. The Act was not designed for a millennium, and it is evidently not calculated to bring about one. The best that can be said of it is that it puts the law on the right side of the hedge. Formerly the presumption was against a workman injured by the negligence of his master's agent; now the presumption is

in his favour. Formerly the plea of common employment was stretched so as to cover cases which had only been brought under it by an extreme exercise of judicial ingenuity; now the phrase is given its natural and proper meaning, and is made to cover only those cases in which the workmen concerned are really on an equality with one another, and the man who has been injured was in no way bound to obey the orders of the man who has injured him. No doubt the working classes wanted much more than this. They wanted to have employers made liable for acts which were in no way within their control as well as for acts which were within their control, and they would probably have liked—though upon this point the evidence is less clear—to have been prevented from contracting themselves out of the Act. As regards the first of these demands, the injustice to the employer was so patent that it was impossible for any Parliament to grant it. As regards the second, it would have been a very doubtful advantage to the workman to have deprived him of the right to make with his employer the agreement that it suits them both to make. It is probable, indeed, that there will be a good number of cases in which, from individual or trade circumstances, the master will be able to make the Act something very like a piece of waste paper. But in dealing with grown men the legislator is always confronted by this difficulty. If he provides for the exceptions in which freedom of contract is only nominal, and virtually frames the agreement himself, he does mischief in perhaps a far larger number of cases in which the men are able, either by their own strength or by the liberality of their employers, to make a much better contract for themselves than the legislator could have made for them. The case of the London and Brighton Railway Company, to which we referred the other day, was one of this latter kind. The terms offered by the employer were really better than those which the law would have given the men, supposing that they had remained under the Act. It would have been hard on the workmen if the law had refused to recognize the agreement thus freely entered into, and had insisted on making a less advantageous agreement for them. It may be said, perhaps, that the business of the law is to look after the weak, and that in consulting the interests of the workmen employed by the London and Brighton Railway Company, it was in effect looking after the strong. But if the law puts strong and weak on a level, how are the weak to become strong? A measure such as the Employers' Liability Act is really an intimation to working-men that they are able to do better things for themselves than the law can hope to do for them. Its provisions are simply designed to meet cases in which, from this or that cause, working-men are not able to do better, or even so good, things for themselves. The ideal arrangement is one such as the London and Brighton Railway Company has made. Where that is entered into the law gladly withdraws from the field. But what, it may be asked, is to be done with cases in which the workmen are so powerless as to be obliged to contract themselves out of the Act without receiving any corresponding benefits in return? When an employer offers to make a liberal contribution towards his workmen's insurance fund there may be a positive gain to the men in foregoing the rights which they can claim under the Act. But when an employer neither makes nor promises any such contribution, and still insists on the men contracting themselves out of the Act, is not this a case in which the law ought to interfere? What is the good of an Act of Parliament which can be made of no effect by a mere verbal intimation from an employer to his men that, if they choose to go on working for him, it must be on the understanding that they waive any compensation which the Act gives them? The only answer that can be given to this question is that Parliament has to deal with the working classes as a whole, that in the majority of cases they seem quite able to protect themselves, and that in the exceptional cases it is very doubtful whether it would be possible to give them efficient protection. Where the master from any cause is strong and the workmen weak, no Act of Parliament can do much to alter the relative position of the two. If legal ingenuity failed to invent some method of escape from the liabilities of the Act, the employer, if he were so minded, would probably find a way of holding himself harmless. He would lower wages, or lengthen hours, or devise some other expedient by which to recoup himself for the additional payments he might conceivably have to make. A

wise employer will not have recourse to these methods because he will know that only an inferior type of workman will conform to them. A steady workman will not assent to their use, because he knows that he can get employment from less hard masters. But where employers are short-sighted and workmen irregular or incompetent, it is hard to see how the law can interfere. It would be a very paternal Government indeed that undertook to make employment under a bad master as satisfactory as employment under a good one.

The best advice that can be given to working-men upon this subject is that, when they are invited to contract themselves out of the Act, they should consider very carefully the nature of the benefits held out to them by way of inducement to consent. As the Act was passed to give workmen additional security against negligence, it seems only reasonable that employers should increase their contributions to the men's insurance fund if these are to take the place of the statutory compensations. The Act has increased their liabilities, and it will usually be a mistake if they contract themselves out of the Act without making any alternative provision for taking these liabilities upon themselves. At least, if they do, they must not be surprised if their workmen think themselves hardly dealt with, and if this feeling leads them to agitate for more stringent legislation in the future. If no such offer is made on the part of the employers, the best course that the workmen can take is to wait and see what the Act will do for them. If the contribution offered by the masters comes anywhere near to the compensation which the statute would give them, it will probably be prudent for them to accept it. The chances of litigation and the risk of consequent ill-feeling between masters and men will thus be avoided. In calculating the relative advantages of compensation under the Act and compensation from an insurance fund, it will be necessary to remember that in the one case compensation is only paid for injuries caused by the negligence of the persons defined in the Act, whereas in the other case it is paid whether the injury be the result of accident or negligence, and whether the negligence be the negligence of persons defined in the Act or of any one else. The strength of a man's motive for contracting himself out of the Act will consequently vary in accordance with the particular conditions of each employment. Where the organization of a workshop is hierarchical—where, that is to say, the men are broken up into a number of groups of two and three each, under the orders of a workman little, if at all, superior to themselves—many more men will be able to claim compensation in the event of being injured than in a workshop in which the men are so many units under the command of a single foreman. It has already been discovered that, even if the men refuse to accept the offer of their employers, and are at the same time strong enough to refuse to contract themselves out of the Act, the employers have another alternative open to them. They can set up mutual insurance Societies which shall guarantee them against loss in the event of their having to pay compensation. It will, beyond doubt, be wise for every employer who is unwilling to remain subject to the Act to protect himself in this way rather than compel his workmen, supposing that he has accidentally the power to do so, to forego the benefits of the statute without receiving anything in return. Now that Parliament has recognized the responsibility of employers for injuries caused to their workmen by the negligence of their agents, a mere repudiation of this responsibility will be regarded by the men as a defiance of the law—successful indeed for the moment, but to be more effectually prevented by and by. This is not an impression which it is desirable, in a democratic community, to leave on the minds of the working classes.

#### WINTER WILDFOWLING.

THE golden days of sportsmen of modest means are gone never to return. In the beginning of the century, in the time of single barrels and flint locks, a man could always find fair shooting if he cared to go far enough for it. North-country squires and Scotch lairds had any extent of "hill" which they could not possibly shoot over in person before the grouse had packed. Highland hospitality was proverbial, though perhaps there was some dash of selfishness in it. The occupant of a lonely residence in the moors was but too glad to welcome an intelligent stranger, who came with any kind of introduction, if he had pleasant manners and was a jovial companion. The keeper of any respect-

able inn or "change-house" could easily obtain "liberty" from his landlord for any gentleman who chanced to be sojourning within his gates. So Mrs. Meg Dodds of the Oleikum Inn obtained leave from old Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's for Francis Tyrrel and his brother to sport over the St. Ronan moors. Even the red deer were not very sharply looked after; and without any formal permission from a proprietor, it was quite possible to indulge in a "quiet stalk" by coming to an understanding with some poacher of the district. And the lives of these hill poachers, by the way, were another illustration of habits that are almost exploded. These men were the very reverse of the bloodthirsty collier who goes about in a gang with blackened face, netting the coverts wholesale as matter of business; or of the rascally loafer about the village public-house who snares the hares and shoots the pheasants in the trees. They were manly fellows who scorned anything but fair sport; who, by the help of the more legitimate pursuits they avowed, kept a comfortable roof over the heads of their households; and who, though notoriously addicted to the infringement of the Game-laws, had the respect nevertheless of both landlords and keepers. As for the kindred sport of rod-fishing, its devotees were even more highly favoured. To the north of the Border rivers, at all events, there was hardly any restriction anywhere on trout-fishing; the salmon in the Highland streams filled the pools in such excessive abundance that the wayfarer was made welcome to try his luck; while even in the choicest water in Tweed or Tay, it was but a question of some shillings for a boat and boatman. Everybody knows how all that has been changed. It is only the pet children of fortune who can afford to pay fancy prices for forest, moor, or famous salmon water; and even the practice of extending sporting hospitality to those who have the strongest moral claims upon it has been very perceptibly on the decline. Gentlemen drive their grouse moors after the beginning of the season, as they walk their stubble and shoot their coverts, on well-understood principles of reciprocity. A man is invited to a drive or a battue to-day, because he can send an answering invitation to-morrow; or crack shots are retained for the sake of their skill, when cleanly-killed game is to be forwarded to the market. So it is that the penniless younger brothers and cousins out-at-elbows who used formerly to have the run of the family manors begin to find themselves left out in the cold; and even should their adventurous spirit tempt them further afield, they are brought face to face again with pecuniary considerations. The Scandinavian rivers, like the Scotch streams, have passed into the hands of millionaires; the buffalo and bison have disappeared from those happy hunting-grounds which extended half a generation ago to the very banks of the Mississippi and Missouri; even in South Africa, to penetrate to the retreats of elephant and rhinoceros, you must find the capital for a costly expedition, and seek your profits in trade or the sale of your ivory. In short, in the scramble after shootings, as in everything else, the battle is to the rich and the race to the fortunate; and, so far as we know, there is but a single resource left to the poverty-stricken sportsmen who are tethered to England.

That resource is wildfowl-shooting, and while its pleasures must be considered undeniable, there can be as little question as to its drawbacks. We say its pleasures are undeniable, for no sporting pursuit makes more enthusiasts; and, indeed, none but an enthusiast can possibly enjoy it. It is at its best in the very depth of the winter; and the wildfowler prays for the severity of weather which chills him to the marrow, while it brings the wildfowl to our shores. But there is constant excitement in its incidents and chances, as in the various contents of most miscellaneous bags; and, besides, it need cost but little, beyond board, travelling, and ammunition, with an occasional tip to a bag-carrier or boatman. The habitual wildfowler has his regular houses of resort, where he has learned to make himself thoroughly at home, and can rely on his likings and fancies being studied. Probably he puts up at a modest inn in some secluded village in the Eastern marshes, or in an antiquated hotel in some old-fashioned town, that has been left high and dry by the reflux of the sea, as by the consequent ebb of life and traffic. It is a puzzle how these places are made to pay; yet, considering all things, the internal comforts are often marvellous, and you find at least that they have their regular local *clientele*. In your own interest, however, you will do well to intimate your arrival in advance, otherwise the larder may be disagreeably bare. But, with due notice, the table will be substantially spread, and frequently the *cuisine* is far from contemptible. There is sound ale in the cellar, with unimpeachable spirits; and the beds are luxurious enough in all conscience for a man who has been weatherbeaten through a winter day. It is liberty hall so far as tobacco is concerned; and your shaggy water-dog, though he may come in coated with mud, has the run of the establishment from parlour to kitchen. The odds are that the landlord is himself an old fowler, and treats his sporting guests with a cordiality that is almost effusive. Notwithstanding that, he knows his place, and you will find his company both pleasant and profitable when he accepts an after-dinner cigar, and draws his chair towards the fireplace. He can give you many a hint as to the flights of birds that are on the coast, and is far more trustworthy than his venerable barometer in making a forecast of the weather for the morrow.

That evening chat is very agreeable, as you sit contemplating the glowing coals through a cloud of fragrant tobacco, listening perhaps to the wind howling without, and dashing the sleet or the hail against the lozenge window-panes. To be sure there is always

the reflection that, unless the wind falls and the weather "holds up," it will be idle to trouble the boots to call you early. What you ask for is a long stretch of hard frost, that will drive the birds to the creeks filled with salt water, and to the mud-banks that have been saturated with the rise of the tide. Of course a suitable equipment claims your first care, for you will have to face severe work at best, and must lay your account with much passive endurance, not to speak of some positive suffering. The dead weight you are bound to drag about is heavy. The bore of your gun may be matter of taste; in any case the weapon must be a formidable piece of ordnance. It is no joke carrying your own ammunition, for the supply should be ample in case of good luck, since nothing can be more heart-breaking than finding the cartridges give out while you are still in the swing of excellent shooting. Wading-boots are necessarily cumbersome, yet sooner or later, by some inevitable mischance in your excitement, you are pretty sure to come by an immersion over the middle, when, if unprepared, you will be water-logged from mid-thigh downward. So it is wiser perhaps to set a wetting at defiance from the beginning, though then the feet become pitifully chill and numb, while they will cling besides to the yielding mud with a painful and most perverse power of suction. As you labour along with more or less of perpetual effort, the upper part of your body is pretty sure to be warm enough, if not too warm. Should you care for a cooling by way of relief, it is very unlikely that you will have to wait long for it. Keeping a watchful eye on the bends of the shore and the sky line, carefully scanning each tiny island and mud flat, as they are slowly left by the receding waves, you mark some flock of waders that needs cautious stalking. As you worm yourself forward in your slow advance, you must crouch down or lie still from time to time, if you are to elude their quick observation. Then there is a swift fall in your bodily temperature, as when a flask of wine is dipped into an ice pail; or the wind cuts through your woollens with the keen edge of a razor. Or possibly, by a stumble, or in attempting a jump, you precipitate the immersion of which we have already spoken, when you will be lucky if you save your gun and cartridges from consequences which may seriously interfere with your sport. As we need hardly add, it is devoutly to be hoped that you have no constitutional tendencies to rheumatism, though, for the matter of that, most wildfowlers past middle age are likely to be inoculated with the complaint. As for coughs and colds, and such trivialities, they will come in the natural course of things; though your landlord will tell you that they may be treated successfully by repeated applications in the evening to the spirit case.

It will be seen that among the essentials of the winter shooter's outfit, with enthusiasm he ought to possess a sound constitution; and if, in addition to good spirits, he be a warm-blooded animal, naturally it is all the better for him. Then there are many days when he feels himself abundantly rewarded for the cold and exposure he has continually to endure, with the disappointments his precarious pursuit will reserve for him. Incident may crowd fast upon incident, and there may always be surprises or sensations in store. He drives, we will say, to his shooting grounds, and we fancy him getting out of his dogcart and wrappings in the dim light of the breaking morning. The lights of the rising sun are faintly streaking the eastern horizon between the blushing greys of the sea and skies, as he steps out upon the sands. The sound of the dogcart wheels has hardly died away in the distance, when there is a faint whistling of wings overhead. He half-crouches instinctively, while his dog imitates the action, and next there is a circling flight of phantom-like forms distinguishable between him and the dawn. Bang—bang—go both barrels, and some of the birds are dimly seen to fall. Next moment, the dog is eagerly questing after the slaughtered plover, or plunging into the water in the nearest creek, in pursuit of one or two of the fluttering cripples. Confidence comes to the sportsman with so good a beginning, and he is likely to shoot all the straighter afterwards. His next encounter is with a little flock of waders—sandpipers, greenshanks, or ox-birds, taken by surprise in the middle of their early breakfast on a mud-bank. Walking along by the side of an embankment, from the tints of which his shooting-suit is scarcely to be distinguished, he hears the shrill whistle of the curlew, which, notwithstanding their natural shyness, come drifting by within easy gunshot. Or it is a heron solemnly floating in the air, which is seen slowly to fold its stately pinions and drop gracefully into some neighbouring pool. Sooner or later, he has a chance at a mallard flying fast and straight ahead, unlike the unpurposelike curlew or plover, as if it knew precisely the point at which it was aiming. This is not an easy bird to hit, and is still more difficult to kill; but the heavy choke-bore carries hard and strong, and down comes the mallard, pitching far ahead, as it is borne forward by its tremendous impetus. So the day's shooting goes on, while hits alternate with misses, till the shades of evening begin to close in, or the waters of the mounting tide overflow the weed-strewn shores. Then our friend remembers that he is wet and cold, and exceedingly hungry into the bargain; and as the darkness shuts out the landscape from his view, dry clothes, a dinner-table, and a blazing fire come agreeably before his mind's eye.

#### FEUDALISM AND CONTRACT.

THE present state of England is, it is well known, extremely satisfactory. It is not long since Mr. Baxter informed us that it was impossible to have a more high-toned Parliament than the present, and though it might have been better had the member for Mont-

rose been able to express the merits of his colleagues at St. Stephen's in the English instead of in the American language, it is still obvious that he intended a compliment. Since Mr. Gladstone discovered that for political wisdom it is only necessary to look to Little Pedlington and to disregard carefully the opinion of the capital, a short method of taking the political sense of the country has been obvious, and has been largely practised by his followers. Thanks to this, and to the unanimity with which the oracles, naturally grateful to their discoverer, speak in his praise, it is ascertained that the constituencies are still as high-toned as the Parliament. All, therefore, ought to be well, if it is not. Unfortunately, there are still a certain number of low-toned persons who cannot help looking at things as they are, with the assistance only of the glasses lent by history and by common sense, instead of regarding them through a pair of spectacles which enable the wearers to see nothing but the large Liberal majority and the utterances of the Little Pedlington Chronicle. To these discontented outsiders the high-toned waiters upon Providence are not a lovely sight, and their ideas—or what does duty with them for ideas—on a great many subjects are still less lovely. In no instance is this more the case than in reference to Ireland. The Session has begun, Parliament is called upon to face a state of things which is certainly as serious as any that the present generation has known, and the minds of at least a large number of the high-toned representatives of the people, and of their high-toned constituents, appear to be in a complete fog as to Ireland, Irish demands, Irish requirements, and Irish probabilities. The happy recipe of "coercion + concession," a little powder and a little jam, sums up what they have to say of a practical kind; while in the way of reasons they have nothing to offer but remarks about the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant being partners in the land, upbraids of the former for hard dealings, and the like. At one time the relation of landlord and tenant is cried down as feudal; at another the pushing of the doctrine of contract to its extreme is denounced. But that these outcries are inconsistent, and, what is more, that both hopelessly ignore the facts of the case and the real interests both of England and Ireland, this no one sees, or, at any rate, no one pretends to see, among the active members of Parliament who pack up their carpet-bags every ten days or so, and go down to Little Pedlington to confabulate with the independent electors and enjoy a crow over the local squire to whom they have been preferred.

That the relation of landlord and tenant, if it exists at all, must either rest on what is vaguely called feudalism or else on strict business contract is, one would think, sufficiently obvious. Of the older and perhaps better kind of relation nothing could possibly give a clearer idea than the remarkable interview which took place the other day between Colonel King-Harman and his tenants. Not very long ago there was not in Ireland a more popular man than Colonel King-Harman, and the description of his own conduct which he gave at this interview, and which was endorsed by the cheers of the very men who were being instigated by the Land League to rob him of his rent, sufficiently explains his popularity. Colonel King-Harman has an immense estate which is almost entirely in the hands of a very poor tenantry, occupying very small holdings. The total rent of the estate is some ten per cent. under Griffith's valuation. In bad years the landlord—not content with reductions which in such cases are a farce—simply forgives the rent altogether; he never distrains or evicts. He gives employment and supplies seed gratis; he advances (to use the polite term) money for the purchase of stock, &c., and does not press for repayment. All these things Colonel King-Harman said publicly to the victims—that is probably the best word for them—of the Land League, and of five hundred hearers not one contradicted him, but, on the contrary, all agreed that he spoke the exact truth. Now, we are not going to argue that this state of things is an ideal state of things. It probably tempts a people who require only too little tempting to be wasteful, to have no self-reliance, to be careless about doing their utmost. But, such as it is, it is a pretty complete carrying out of the feudal or fatherly relation of landlord and tenant, and there are doubtless scores and hundreds of similar cases in Ireland. How do our wiseacres propose to meet this? By substituting for it a relation which will not improve the case of the tenants, for, supposing their rents reduced, they will have to pay them *bon an mal an*, and cannot look for time or reduction; by giving them fixity which they already possess; and by conferring free sale on them—that is to say, by encouraging them to pay for an imaginary goodwill the small capital which ought to go to cultivation. So much for feudalism. Because landlords are not considerate enough towards their tenants, it is to be made practically impossible for them to be considerate at all.

But now let us look at the other side. Mr. Benca Jones is probably as good a specimen of the type of landlord who looks at things from the point of view of pure contract as Colonel King-Harman is of the landlord who looks at his tenantry as a "tail" of which he is the chief. Putting aside, and in many cases disproved, stories of harshness aside, there can be no doubt that the master of Lisselan has for many years worked his estate on strictly business principles. He has been lavish of money for its improvement. He has expected to get his money's worth for the capital spent, and he has, though not without proper consideration for vested interests, maintained his right to get the best men to work under him in the place of worse men. How greatly he has improved the food-producing power of his lands, the *morale* of his tenantry—in short, the physical and social well-being generally of the portion of the country of which he is in charge—the facts, well

known and undisputed, show. Well, then, what have our wise-  
 acres to propose in this case? They would, in the first place, mulct  
 Mr. Jones of a very heavy sum—in his case, and with such an  
 estate and tenantry as his, it would be a very heavy one—re-  
 presenting the value of the tenant-right they wish to concede.  
 They would render it impossible for him any longer to work his land  
 by the best men. They would probably reduce his annual income  
 considerably, and by their principle of free sale would, as in  
 the other case, cripple the future tenants. That is to say, Mr.  
 Bence Jones is, on the principles which they advocate—if they  
 advocate any principles at all—to be fined a lump sum and an  
 annuity besides, and the value of his estate to the whole country  
 as a food-producing machine is to be seriously lessened and im-  
 perilled. And why? Because it is said, openly or covertly, that he  
 has not been sufficiently sentimental in his dealings with a people  
 of such delicate sentiment as the Irish. Colonel King-Harman is  
 to be despoiled because he has been too sentimental; Mr. Bence  
 Jones because he has not been sentimental enough. Feudalism?  
 It is an abomination, and ought to be reduced to the simple prin-  
 ciples of business. Contract? It is a terrible mistake to think  
 that contract should overrule the "ineradicable belief of the Irish  
 peasant that he is part owner of the land." So the frying-pan and  
 the fire are both ready, and the landlord is amiably permitted to  
 take his choice.

It is probable that a very small minority of the people who are  
 guilty of this disastrous blundering have something like a solid  
 idea at the bottom of the muddy reasoning which fills their minds.  
 Either they wish to get rid of landlords at any price, or they wish  
 to establish peasant proprietors at any price. The muddle into  
 which the late Mr. J. S. Mill has led so many thousands of guile-  
 less persons on the latter subject is no doubt responsible for a  
 good deal of the present confusion. No one, of course, denies that  
 a peasant proprietary is an excellent thing if it can be managed.  
 But every one who has really looked into the question knows that  
 it requires either such exceptional economic and physical condi-  
 tions as those which prevail in the Channel Islands and Belgium,  
 or such exceptional moral and physical conditions as prevail in  
 France. That neither of these combinations exists, or is likely  
 to exist, in Ireland is certain, and can only be denied by those  
 who set up "Our party, right or wrong," as their criterion of  
 opinion. "This being the case landlordism becomes a necessity,  
 and landlordism implies the acceptance either of the relation  
 of feudalism or of the relation of contract. Both involve  
 some dangers and some hardships. Here and there a landlord  
 who neglects his duty may bring discredit on men of the type  
 of Colonel King-Harman. Here and there—probably in a  
 good many cases—giving the principle of supply and demand  
 which practically governs contracts free swing may result in com-  
 pulsory expatriation and other hardships. But both systems, if  
 fairly worked, make the existence of the people possible and  
 tolerable, the latter by the application of a stern, but in the  
 long run merciful, weeding out of all but the fittest, the former by  
 providing all over the country men with means who are bound by  
 an unwritten law to come to the succour of the unfit. In the  
 former case, no benefit society is required; in the latter, the land-  
 lord is a kind of embodied benefit society, subscribed to by the  
 tenants in good years, drawn on by them in bad. But for the last  
 ten years, under the guidance of our wisemen, we have set our-  
 selves to work to render both these systems impotent for good while  
 we leave them potent for evil. The legislation of 1870, and still  
 more that which is threatened or promised for 1881, have at once  
 straitened the landlord's means and lessened his inclination for  
 benevolence. They have at the same time interfered with the  
 natural operation of the contract system, have given the unfittest  
 the best chance, have promoted over-multiplication of population,  
 over-division of holdings, misappropriation of the capital necessary  
 for cultivation, and every other evil most abhorrent to a sound  
 economic theory of agricultural prosperity. The legislation with  
 which Mr. Gladstone's name is identified hitherto—and, as far as  
 can be judged, that with which he will shortly seek again to  
 identify his name—deals one slap in the face to Colonel King-  
 Harman and another to Mr. Bence Jones. It says to the one  
 "You shall not have the means to support your tenantry in com-  
 parative idleness," it says to the other "We will deprive you of the  
 power of keeping up your tenantry to constant work." Meanwhile  
 the forces of nature acting on the treeless, mineless sponge called  
 Ireland, ensure poverty and misery for small cultivators, unless they  
 suddenly change their nature, and probably even then. The con-  
 dition of Ireland, as it actually is, is starvation tempered by  
 landlordism. Its condition as it might be would be starvation  
 rendered impossible by the operation of contract in keeping the  
 population down and getting the utmost out of the land. We are  
 going apparently to choke off the landlord check with one hand  
 and the contract check with the other. Mr. Gladstone and his  
 colleagues may be at least congratulated on their careful observa-  
 tion of the dictum of the Scriptures that "The poor ye have  
 always with you." They have taken, and are taking, care that  
 the poor shall never cease out of the land of Ireland. What  
 other results their past and future legislation may have we need  
 not inquire; but, if the future goes on the lines of the past, it is  
 safe to prophesy that it will mean a new Mansion House Relief  
 Fund, a new Land League, and a new agrarian law every decade  
 or thereabouts.

#### PULPIT PENCILINGS IN THE P. M. G.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is to be congratulated on the return  
 of a very old and always welcome contributor, the "Red Rover,"  
 in fact, to its friendly columns. The early and chequered history  
 of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is recorded in *Pendennis* and the *New-  
 comes*. The tale should be familiar to all; but there may be some  
 who have forgotten that the "Red Rover," playfully so called by  
 his friends, was Mr. Frederick Bayham to all Europe. It was  
 Mr. Bayham who invented that fresh "feature" (as newspaper  
 people say), the "Pulpit Pencilings," which, after a considerable  
 lapse of time, again appear in the Monday numbers of the *Pall Mall  
 Gazette*. They were originally "slight sketches, mental and  
 corporeal, of our chief divines now in London"; but Mr. Bayham  
 has dropped the "corporeal" illustrations and the signature of  
 "Laud Latimer." It will be remembered that Mr. Bayham  
 thought that these sketches "give the paper a character, they  
 rally round it the respectable classes"—a very desirable thing to  
 do. Scoffers, of course, there were in the old times who called Mr.  
 Bayham "the Venerable Beadle," and the race of cynics is not  
 yet extinct. People will smile at pulpit pencilings of Dr.  
 Congreve, of Mr. Spurgeon, and of Mr. Bradlaugh in the secular  
 pulpit, though perhaps neither Dr. Congreve nor Mr. Bradlaugh  
 can, strictly speaking, be numbered among "our chief divines."  
 We have not observed that these latter pencilings have yet been  
 given to the world and the respectable classes. But the aesthetic  
 classes had their innings on Monday, and, to use Mr. Bayham's  
 own words, "I own that I have puffed your uncle, Charles  
 Honeyman, most tremendously." The divine portrayed last  
 Monday was, in fact, Mr. Stopford Brooke at Lady Whit-  
 tlesa's—we mean, of course, at Bedford Chapel. In detect-  
 ing a subtle resemblance between Mr. Charles Honeyman  
 and Mr. Stopford Brooke we are moved, of course, only by  
 the public performances of these divines. Both were popular  
 preachers, more or less unattached, both had congregations con-  
 sisting of "the ornamental classes," more or less attached, and  
 both "preach short stirring discourses on the topics of the day."  
 There is another point of resemblance. Mr. Stopford Brooke, if  
 we may trust the *Pall Mall* "pencilings" which we have been lin-  
 gering over, has justified the words applied by Sherrick to Mr.  
 Honeyman—"How he's come out, hasn't he? Didn't think he had  
 it in him." Before Mr. Brooke "came out" of the Church of Eng-  
 land, we suspected he "had it in him" to preach as he has been  
 doing, but we could not conjecture that he would ever give "it"  
 utterance. But let us turn to Mr. Bayham's graphic pencilings,  
 and see what "it" is.

"Since Bedford Chapel became a Unitarian meeting-house,"  
 writes Mr. Bayham in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "its pastor has been  
 engaged in defining, in a series of characteristic discourses, his latest  
 views concerning the Founder of the Christian faith." It is always  
 well to have Mr. Stopford Brooke's very latest views, because they  
 differ so wonderfully from the views which, it is charitable to  
 suppose, were his some three months ago, the views of the Church  
 of which he was a minister. Therefore it was quite worth Mr.  
 Bayham's while to "struggle through the dense yellow fog which  
 overhung London," and emerge into the sweetness and light which  
 now pervade Bedford Chapel. The Chapel, we read, was "tastefully  
 decorated," as a chapel ought to be at the season of the birth of the  
 Being whom Mr. Brooke calls "the Pilgrim of Eternity." Mr.  
 Brooke has edited, or selected, or performed some similar kind  
 office for Shelley, and he probably knows that, by "the Pilgrim  
 of Eternity," Shelley meant, not the Founder of Christianity, but  
 Childe Harold. Most people have noticed the readiness with  
 which uneducated preachers catch at any Scriptural quotation;  
 for example, we have heard an illiterate divine describe eternal  
 punishment as "exceeding abundant, above all that we can ask or  
 think." Mr. Brooke lugs in scraps of Shelley in the same fashion,  
 and "tastefully decorates his chapel" in honour, shall we say, of  
 Childe Harold. Talking of "tasteful decorations," we learn  
 from Mr. Bayham that, in Mr. Brooke's, as in Mr. Honeyman's,  
 chapel, "they dress the part, sir, to admiration," or, in the words  
 of last Monday's pencilling, "the surpliced choir remain, and the  
 Psalms are chanted as of old." But this is enough about the  
 decorations. We only regret to hear that the high-backed pews  
 are uncomfortable. This should be looked to at once.

We now come to Mr. Brooke's discourse. Mr. Frederic Harri-  
 son must pardon us if we venture to make some remarks on a  
 discourse which we have not heard, and of which only a partial  
 newspaper report is before us. What is the use of the "pulpit  
 pencilings" if we cannot rely on the accuracy of Mr. Fred. Bayham?  
 What are the respectable classes to do if these sketches of our chief  
 divines prove less than infallible? Mr. Brooke, then, began by  
 talking about "the cradle of the New Year," and, like most of us,  
 he "wondered what the future would bring," and lamented that  
 the loss of youth should so often involve the loss of hope, "of the  
 poetry, the music, and the romance of life." We grow less  
 romantic as we grow older, certainly, and a very good thing too,  
 most of us will say. Sophocles consoled himself readily when  
 he escaped from his wild masters, the passions. It is something  
 to escape from what Mr. Brooke called "the romantic heart,"  
 and the scrapes into which the romantic heart is always urging  
 the sentimentalist. Different frames of mind befit different ages,  
 and middle age is ill assorted with romance. Mr. Brooke does  
 not seem to think so, and observes that we, like the Founder of  
 Christianity, should "keep the romantic heart." And this state-  
 ment is the keynote of the whole discourse of this divine.

Whether the respectable classes like it and rally round it or not, we do not care to reproduce Mr. Stopford Brooke's medley of solemn and consecrated names with the latest æsthetic slang. In Mr. Brooke's sermon we have Buddha, and Elijah, and the Pilgrim of Eternity, and the romantic heart, and the Greek idea of beauty, and dwelling in tents, all muddled together, like a discourse of Prigsby's or Postlethwaite's mixed up with a sermon of Canon Farrar's. Till we read the "pulpit pencilling" in which these things are recorded we had scarcely believed in the existence of the ideas ascribed by Mr. Du Maurier to his group of artistic nincompoops. But the sacred subject of Mr. Brooke's discourse is represented as very much akin to the men of that set:—"His life must itself have been Art to awaken Art . . . Religion was first holy, but afterwards it was beautiful; it was Romance." "This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive," said Dr. Johnson. This æsthetic priggishness of preachers is not more, but less attractive, than the merriment which disgusted the good Doctor.

If we were to take these utterances seriously, we might dilate on the absurdity of making the sense of beauty the centre and the mainspring of a religion. The "beauty of holiness" is an intelligible idea familiar to Plato. The holiness of beauty is quite another thing. It is a stale historical truism that a gushing devotion to Beauty has never regenerated, but has frequently corrupted, society. We need not go back to the examples of Athens and of Rome during the Revival of Letters. The morbid symptoms which accompany an exclusive devotion to beauty have been noticeable enough in England during the last ten years. They have not gone further, perhaps, than an affectation of effeminacy; but they do not deserve encouragement from the pulpit. Mr. Brooke's very "latest views concerning the Founder of the Christian Faith" include, of course, a great deal that is sounder than the talk about the "romantic heart" and religion that gains much by becoming romance. But talk of this sort is nothing but the adaptation of slipshod literary slang, the slang of a small and ridiculous set, to topics which demand the utmost gravity and self-restraint. The vacant chaff of long-haired wittings is already irritating enough. Sermons like Mr. Brooke's may encourage them to mix Christianity up with what they take for art in a manner from which, so far, they have shrunk. The young men and women of culture have, till now, been like Baudelaire's acquaintance, who "carried a toast to the God Pan," and who declared that "the God Pan was the Revolution." This absurd mixture of Pagan and political *argot* was less annoying, we think, than Mr. Brooke's mixture of "Culture" (in the worst sense of the word) and Christianity. The paganism of the artistic has so far been the error of people who have read translations of Heine too much. The neo-Christianity of romance will be the error of sweet enthusiasts who have listened too eagerly to Mr. Stopford Brooke. The fault of both sects, neo-Christian and neo-Pagan, is to drag in art where art has nothing to do with the more serious matters in hand. "The passionate frenzy for the beautiful is a cancer that devours all the rest of a man's moral nature," says Baudelaire, a strange Puritan adversary of gushing divines. Again, "the supremacy of art in a man's soul begets stupidity, hardness of heart, egotism, and an immense self-conceit."

This chattering enthusiasm about art and romance had a considerable excuse in ages that were either artistic or romantic. In the time of Michael Angelo, in the time of Phidias, even in the youth of Victor Hugo, the world was romantic and produced an abundance of works of art. Now, where is the art? Are our painters and our sculptors so eminent, are our poets so prolific and accomplished? Nothing of the sort. We have some three or four great painters and poets in England. The rest are students, enthusiasts, people who make experiments. "We have been on many thousand lines," as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, but the line of art is strewn with crushed and telescoped remains of our failures. This is the irritating thing. Our art is all in "words words," in essays, and talk, and chaff, and sermons like that of Mr. Brooke, about religion swooning into romance, and about the "Pilgrim of Eternity." When we get outside of these things we have the Temple Bar memorial, and the Byron statue, to comfort and strengthen us on the paths of daily life; we have Mr. Brooke talking of that "magnificent poem of imaginative symbolism," the Apocalypse, just as another enthusiast spoke of "that tremendous creature, Dante." We need a Latimer to counteract the influence of a Moneyman.

#### THE RECRUDESCENCE OF FENIANISM.

**D**IFFERENT persons, according as their nature is charitable or malicious, may assign different reasons for the increased vigour, or rather the decreased inertia, of Her Majesty's Government in its Irish policy during the last few days. The imminence of Parliament, the feeling that serious internal dissensions in their party might result from continued obstinacy and blindness, the sense that the noisier speakers among their supporters do not represent the opinion of the nation any more than of their more silent colleagues, may all have had their effect. But perhaps it is not wrong to trace part, at least, of this revival of activity to the alarming rumours—founded, it is well known, on tolerably definite information furnished to the War and Home Offices—as to a renewal of the attempts on arsenals and warlike stores

which marked the last Fenian effervescence a dozen years ago. No Cabinet is wholly composed of fools; and only a body wholly composed of fools could fail to perceive that certain circumstances would very rapidly alter the passive dislike with which a large portion of their supporters have hitherto regarded their action, or want of action, in Ireland, into a very active feeling of discontent and something more. So long as the discomforts of the Irish anarchy were confined to Ireland, the average Englishman, who is, it is to be feared, sometimes a person of not very lively imagination, and often one of very considerable selfishness, did not trouble himself very much about them. Ministers told him that on the whole outrages had rather diminished than otherwise, the Radical members for his borough repeated the cry, and he was, if not exactly satisfied, at any rate pacified. Even such striking and pathetic cases as that which occurred the other day at the Lambeth Police Court, where it appeared, after full inquiry, that a father and mother, persons of good position in Ireland, had, owing to the refusal of rents, been living on the sale of their clothes and jewellery for months past, and had been obliged to send their son to a Board school because they could not pay for his schooling elsewhere—produce little effect save on a few readers whose indignation is probably awakened sufficiently already. The shoe must really pinch before the average Briton determines to have it altered or to throw it away. In the last few days it has begun to pinch very acutely. The Sheffield and Solihull murders created an uncomfortable impression, but in both cases Irishmen only were the victims, and persons who did not claim descent from Brian Boru, or Malachi with the Collar of Gold, might hug themselves in the belief that they were safe. It is different now, and something like a very vivid remembrance of the Clerkenwell explosion and the Chester raid must have forced itself on many thousands of memories.

At present the most effective, though perhaps the least practical, scare of the last Fenian terror does not seem to have been revived. Terrified householders who live in the neighbourhood of gasworks have not yet taken to deserting their houses. Incendiarism of another kind, however, has already made its appearance at Liverpool. In the early part of the present week several timber yards in the docks of that town were found to be on fire, under circumstances which left no doubt of there having been wilful "fire-raising" in the case, and a ship was also discovered in flames without any explanation being forthcoming. Perhaps these things were accidental. What, however, is assuredly not accidental is the existence of a plan, more or less extensive, for attacking Volunteer armouries and other repositories of arms. For a week past one of the Surrey regiments, whose headquarters are at Camberwell, has, in consequence of orders from the War Office, had its headquarters guarded by a picket of men and officers with loaded rifles. Another corps in the same neighbourhood, mustering some seven hundred men, and therefore offering a tempting supply of arms, had to station a guard on Monday night at its drill sheds, and next day had its rifles unscrewed, and thus rendered useless, as a matter of precaution. The Liverpool corps have been recommended by their commanding officers to remove each man his rifle to his own home; the powder magazines are guarded; the Army Reserve pensioners have been warned that their services may be required, and everything is in readiness. Not merely round London, but in the neighbourhood of nearly all the large towns, there are rifle ranges in more or less lonely situations where stocks of ammunition are usually kept. These have been removed and stowed where they can be more easily guarded. In some of the smaller country towns where no safe place is available, the stores have been transferred to the nearest military depot, and in one case the arms of a Volunteer regiment have been stowed for safety in the barracks of the regulars. These measures of precaution are believed to have been taken in consequence of intelligence to the effect that ill-wishers were aware of the practice of suspending the regular drills during the Christmas holidays, so that the armouries and drill sheds would be comparatively deserted. Sunderland, a town containing no small number of Irishmen, furnished the first suspicious case; but it is understood that very many other places are or were threatened. We are told, and we have not the least doubt of it, that the Volunteers have responded most cheerfully to the call, and that any number of men for night patrol might be had if wanted. There is fortunately not the slightest fear of any lack of forwardness on the part of either men or officers, and though just at this time of year more cheerful occupations can be imagined than pacing up and down in front of a drill-shed to protect it from skulking ruffians who are quite certain not to show fight, while they may be equally certain to take advantage of any carelessness, it is no bad initiation in something like real work for citizen soldiers.

This, however, hardly exhausts the aspects of the matter. The Volunteers may be quite willing to do duty of this kind, and it may be a very good thing for them to have to do it; but it strikes us as a somewhat pertinent inquiry whether the Government of the country does not count for something in the matter. No one, except Mr. Gladstone, his Ministers, and his devoted admirers, could fail to see that the result of his long tolerance, not to say encouragement, of the Land League must be a recrudescence of Fenianism. Although not too much is known of the I.R.B. nowadays, it is sufficiently certain that its organization has for some time been making up its leeway, and that it is now better prepared than it has been since the collapse of the last grand attempt. It was also perfectly obvious that such a state

of things as the Land League has been for months steadily bringing about in Ireland must conduce to the feeding and fattening of the more secret and more openly treasonable Association. Men do not stop at rent when they begin quarrelling with law, and after Mr. Parnell's very outspoken utterances as to the ultimate object with which he himself "took his coat off," it is sufficiently clear that those who go a little further than Mr. Parnell goes, or professes to go, must have stripped for their ultimate object as well as for the relatively paltry task of robbing a few landlords. But the main thing is that the peculiar spirit of violence and lawlessness which the Land League has encouraged is certain to crave for a bolder and more dashing policy than any presented by fetish worship of Griffith's valuation, and by the unexciting, because comparatively passive, process of Boycotting. It is now matter of notoriety that in Galway and Mayo—the model districts of Land League organization—the only way to avoid sanguinary conflicts is not to cross the popular will in any way whatever, and in one or two instances during the last day or two, when the police have shown a bolder front, serious encounters have actually taken place. Nothing else can be expected, and Land League meetings glide as naturally into Fenian conspiracies as any one thing can possibly glide into another. Nor, abundant as the supply of arms at present is in Ireland, is it such as to satisfy those who desire to set on foot a regular military organization. The good friends of the Irish sedition among the constituents of Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain have, it is sufficiently well known, driven an active trade with Ireland of late. But Birmingham gives nothing for nothing, and only a fair trade return for the consideration received. Purchasing really good arms at that model town is therefore expensive. The cast-off Enfields and Sniders with which the mistaken economy of more than one Government has flooded the island are all very well for making a show by moonlight, for intimidating landlords and rent-paying farmers, and so forth, but they are so distinctly inferior to the Martini-Henry that traitors who wish to make war on the grand scale may well be ambitious of something better. Nor is it at all improbable that the leaders of the movement calculate—perhaps not altogether wisely—on the effect likely to be produced by capping the climax of an Irish anarchy with an English terror. If the Volunteers themselves do not mind a night or two on patrol, their wives and their mothers are by no means likely to regard the proceeding with satisfaction, and by the aid of wives and mothers a terror of a certain kind can very soon be established. Even to the sterner sex it is not a particularly comfortable thing to retire to rest with a vague expectation of being aroused by a skirmish in the back garden or the explosion of a magazine just round the corner. The carrying out of Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian instructions has had such remarkable success hitherto that his scholars may well be disposed to continue the course.

It is for Englishmen to say how they like this state of things. From the high patriotic point of view it is satisfactory doubtless to go without sleep for one's country. To have been indirectly instrumental in getting permission for the Irish police to use their buckshot, instead of playing with it, in strengthening Mr. Gladstone's coercion and weakening his concession, is also something to be (in a way) thankful for. But whether Englishmen like to find London and other towns in a modified state of siege is, we repeat, a question for Englishmen themselves to answer. It is, to say the least, odd that the presence of a certain party and of certain persons in Downing Street should seem necessarily to bring these delights with it. Perhaps it is not too much to pay for the intense satisfaction which, according to some people, we ought to feel at having for governor the most conscientious, the most intelligent, the most high-minded of statesmen. There is no rose without its thorn, and the thorn which persistently makes its appearance with the rose of Mr. Gladstone's advent to power may or may not be a severe one in its pricking. The rights of the citizen in Ireland have for some long time depended on the citizen's own power and willingness to guard his own head; the defence of the national property in England against armed force seems in the same way to be reposing chiefly on the volunteer efforts of patriotic persons. This would be wholly admirable in the case of a settlement in the backwoods; whether it is quite so admirable in the case of the greatest city in the world is a point on which there may be two opinions. At any rate, the chief consolation we can offer to the inhabitants of London is that gas will not explode without a considerable admixture of atmospheric air, so that the famous gasholder infernal-machine is rather difficult of actual arrangement.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN ENGLAND.

THE *Tablet* at the commencement of a new year has given a Supplement, containing, under the title of "Thirty Years of the Catholic Hierarchy in England," some curious statistics as to the recent progress and present condition of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, which may be interesting to others besides its own members. The opening statement as to the incomes of Bishops, clergy, and places of worship since 1850, the year in which the hierarchy was established by Pius IX., is startling at first sight, but may easily—as indeed the writer himself admits—be taken to prove more than it really does. The Diocesan Bishops have increased, it seems, during that period from 8 to 14, while the numbers of clergy, regular and secular, and of churches are about doubled,

there being 1,962 priests and 1,175 churches and chapels in 1880, against 826 priests and 597 churches in 1850. The number of convents or religious houses for men is raised from 17 to 134. It is added however that the number of clergy still "does not suffice for the wants of the Catholic population," and that the proportion of priests to people is smaller than 100 or even 200 years ago. No doubt, as usually happens in such cases, the establishment of the hierarchy, by multiplying local centres of influence, has tended to bring in fresh converts, but the chief increase is notoriously due to the constant Irish immigration. Of another alleged cause, on which the writer dwells with enthusiasm, we may have a word to say presently. Of the actual number of converts however no precise calculation is supplied. It may be remembered that from the death in 1584 of Thomas Watson, Bishop of Lincoln under Queen Mary, there was no Roman Catholic prelate claiming diocesan jurisdiction in England till 1850 when Cardinal Wiseman was placed at the head of the new hierarchy, which provoked at the time so vehement a storm of opposition, and gave rise to the futile Ecclesiastical Titles Act, since repealed. For more than a century, down to 1685, there was no Roman Catholic bishop in England, the government of the small and decreasing handful of adherents of the Papacy being entrusted to archpriests. They had sunk by 1635 to 150,000, according to the report presented to Urban VIII. by Panzani, the Oratorian, who was sent over here by him in Charles I.'s reign to collect information about the state of the Roman Catholics as well as of the Established Church. These 150,000 however appear to have had the very liberal allowance of 500 secular priests, 160 Jesuits, and 127 priests of other religious orders to look after their spiritual interests. The number both of clergy and laity is said to have been somewhat raised thirty years later, but on this point there is a diversity of testimony from different quarters. From that time began the government of Bishops *in partibus*, under the title of Vicars Apostolic. In the middle of the eighteenth century these Bishops reported that in the "London district"—including great part of the south of England—there were only 25,000 Catholics served by about 60 priests, and that there had been no perceptible increase for the last thirty years. In 1773 the number had somewhat fallen, but with the abolition of the penal laws the tide began to turn. Thus, while in Lancashire there were only 14,000 reckoned in 1773, and 1,500 in Yorkshire, who were scattered over more than 100 separate "missions"—whether served by as many priests is not explained—in 1804 Bishop Gibson reported a large increase and reckoned the Catholics in Lancashire at about 50,000—less than a tenth of their present number—and had in the whole "northern district" 85 priests, nearly all Jesuits or members of other religious orders. In 1815 the London district contained 78 chapels, twelve of which were in London, 104 priests, and 68,700 Roman Catholics.

When we come down to the present time, the increase, through various causes already referred to, is of course very considerable. "Two centuries ago the Catholics of England were 150,000, or at most 200,000, in number; now they may be reckoned at perhaps 1,250,000." And then we are told in a general way of many thousands of Protestant converts, but a caution is added as to a continual leakage going on among the poor. It is, we suspect, more than doubtful whether the conversions among the upper classes, whatever be their precise figure, have at all equalled the "losses to the Church" among the poor. In North America, in spite of the steady influx of German and Irish Roman Catholics, their relative numbers are said not to keep pace even with the increase of population. As regards the causes of conversion to the Church of Rome in England of late years the writer propounds his view in the following somewhat enthusiastic language:—

The influence of Catholic lay friends, Catholic literature, the general religious movement among the sects, the spirit of free inquiry, dissatisfaction with the intolerable inconsistencies and hollowness of Protestantism, and especially the preaching throughout the length and breadth of the land of Catholic doctrines, first by the Tractarians, and now still more boldly by the Ritualists—these seem to be, on the whole, the main causes which have led to conversions. To dwell only for a moment on the Ritualists, they are doing our work for us, and as time goes on they will do it still more effectually. As men found that Tractarianism was a half-way-house to Rome, so they will find that Ritualism is a stage or two further on. . . . We consider Ritualism to be, indirectly, the most powerful propaganda for the Church which England has yet seen.

It is true of course that one inevitable result of the Tractarian, as subsequently of the Ritualist movement, has been to contribute a certain percentage of converts to Rome, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that these movements must be regarded as only part of the same great wave of religious thought passing over Europe during the last half-century or so, which is known on the Continent under the name of the Catholic reaction. But after fully allowing this we are by no means so sure as the *Tablet* writer as to these movements supplying "the most powerful propaganda for the Church" of Rome. The abstract question of the proper and legitimate result of Tractarian or Ritualistic principles, on which he proceeds to enlarge, is not one that can be discussed here, but as a matter of fact there is fully as much ground for saying that the Anglican revival has provided a resting-place for many who would otherwise have found the only satisfaction of their yearnings in the Roman Church, as for saying that they have created yearnings which Rome alone can satisfy. And we strongly suspect that an examination of statistics, if we had room for it, would show this to be a more accurate version of what has actually occurred. Mr. Gladstone has somewhere pointed out—that is indeed notorious—how few converts for Rome are gained from the Eastern Church: yet the theological and ecclesiastical

system of Eastern Christianity approximate more nearly to the Latin than the extreme phase of Tractarianism. But it would carry us too far from our present subject to pursue that inquiry further.

The compiler of the Roman Catholic statistics devotes a considerable portion of his paper to what students of ecclesiastical history will at once recognize as having always been a more or less burning question in the Western Church, the relation of the regular to the secular clergy. His language on the matter is studiously reserved, and he betrays a nervous anxiety to minimize the value of reports which have been suffered to ooze out as to a contention going on at this moment between the Bishops and the Heads of Religious Orders, which has been referred to the Court of Rome for decision. The rapid multiplication of orders and of members of different orders in England during the last thirty years has naturally forced this question to the surface. It appears that the Orders have increased during that interval from ten to twenty-six, and the religious houses from seventeen to one hundred and thirty-four; in the Westminster diocese alone the regular clergy have risen from nine to ninety-four. And the increase has taken place chiefly among the Jesuits and Benedictines, the former of whom it need hardly be said, are always the first to incur jealousy and suspicion. We have ventured to italicize a few words in the following passage, which may serve to indicate the essential divergence of interests and aims so fatal to any thorough and permanent harmony between what the writer himself calls the two great forces, centrifugal and centripetal respectively, constantly acting on the mechanism of the Church.

In referring to the organization and progress of the Church in England special notice must be taken of the important part to be borne by the Religious Orders and Congregations. The spirit of these is *neither diocesan nor national*, but in a certain sense universal. They are willing to recruit its numbers from all parts, and are ready, according to their means, to spread into all parts. The Religious Orders act as powerful auxiliaries of the fixed diocesan clergy, who must ever form the rank and file of the great army of the Church. Their members are moved from diocese to diocese, and from country to country, having an *independent government of their own*, which secures to them their organization, their spirit, and the end of their institute. Thus their members are *exempt from the ordinary jurisdiction of the Bishop*, except in those various cases which are laid down in the Canons. . . . It is perfectly true that Religious Orders are not essential to the existence of the Church, for the Church existed in all the perfection of her sanctity for centuries without them. But they are practically necessary to her well-being now. . . . "They are like auxiliary troops, specially necessary in these days, of whose zeal and activity the Bishops most seasonably and carefully avail themselves, both in the exercise of the sacred ministry and in the accomplishment of the works of Christian charity."

It is hardly necessary to read between the lines of this passage to understand the frequent, if not habitual, strain and tension in the relations of the ordinary pastors and bishops of any local Church with a power "neither diocesan nor national," having an independent government of its own exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and having ends to serve quite distinct from the accustomed needs of parochial or diocesan organization and often conflicting with them. It is an open secret that great soreness prevails at present in England between these rival powers, and that the adjudication on their respective claims has been for many months past exercising the Roman authorities. Some years ago Archbishop Darby had a stand-up fight—if such a phrase may be allowed in so sacred a connexion—with the Paris Jesuits, and held his own, in spite of Pius IX., who of course supported the Society. Leo XIII., in spite of the eulogy pronounced on the religious orders in his recent protest against their expulsion from France, is not credited with any very warm sympathy with the Jesuits especially, and even Cardinal Manning, though he availed himself of their services to the utmost at the Vatican Council, is believed not greatly to relish the *imperium in imperio* of the meddlesome and ubiquitous Society within the limits of his own archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The Benedictines, it is true, were both powerful and popular in the middle ages, and perhaps held half the parishes of England in their hands, but the later Communities of Capuchins and Jesuits—the Jesuits especially—are far less answerable to ordinary rules and arrangements, and cherish a bolder and more ambitious spirit than the learned and dignified veterans whose fame is identified with the traditional glories of Monte Cassino and St. Maur. The mediæval enmities of Capuchins and seculars are recorded on wood and stone in the quaint carvings of gurgoyles and choirstalls still preserved in many of our ancient abbeys and cathedrals, and the sons of St. Ignatius are more isolated and grasping in their policy than the sons of St. Francis. The enormous increase of these religious bodies during the last quarter of a century, which is here triumphantly recorded, is an element of weakness as well as of strength to the Roman Catholic Church in this country. It is easy enough to reply that "the Catholics of England are too well aware of the baneful results of internal dissension, from their experience of its effects during the years of persecution, to tolerate its renewal." But after all prophecy is one thing and proof is another. Those who are familiar with the *Memoirs of Panzani*, to whom reference was made just now, will recollect what was thought in his day of the machinations of the Jesuits, and how readily he would have seen their services dispensed with. Nor are we by any means sure that the multiplication of these Orders now "is an irrefragable proof of the esteem in which they are held by the English Roman Catholic episcopate," still less that it is an unmixed or indisputable augury of success.

#### THE SABRE.

MR. J. M. WAITE, formerly a corporal major in the 2nd Life Guards, and now a teacher of fencing and sword-play, has just published a manual of instruction (*Lessons in the Sabre, &c.* By J. M. Waite. London: Weldon and Co.) in the use of the sabre which, if it receives the attention it deserves, will probably alter largely the established method of attack and defence now followed by all professors of the sword in England. Mr. Waite has for long been known as an excellent fencer and as an adept at sabre-play and single-stick, and his stalwart figure is familiar to all those who go to see assaults of arms. Now, after full experience in the arena, he comes forward as a writer on the art of using the sword, and as a bold innovator on the established system. At the outset he is, very rightly, careful to show that he does not either lay down the law or alter the law without good qualifications for so doing. At the beginning of a modest and sensible preface, which speaks well for the literary cultivation that prevails in the Household Brigade, he states that his book is the result of long experience, and that before he began to teach himself he was so fortunate as to be trained by teachers of the highest skill. As pupil and assistant he practised long, he says, under the late M. Prevost, one of the best fencers of his day, as all who are learned in the history of the small-sword know, and in the use of the sabre and single-stick he was instructed by Platts, who had acquired from Bushman his method of using the broadsword. Clearly, then, Mr. Waite underwent an exceptionally full and severe training in the art to which he devoted himself; and, since this training has been followed by years of incessant contest with all comers, and by much practice in teaching, he certainly is one entitled to speak with some authority, and should be listened to when he proposes considerable changes in the recognized methods of disposing of an adversary. These changes are due to Mr. Waite's knowledge of the small-sword. When he had attained thorough proficiency, he was struck, it seems, by the deficiencies of the established English system of sword-play, in which, as in the German tactics of the last century, the most formidable means of doing harm were ignored. He says:—

When, after no short or easy period of probation, I became in my turn an instructor, and gained that knowledge which can only be gained by teaching and by constant combat with adversaries of all degrees of strength, it appeared to me that part of the course I had gone through had been somewhat conventional, and though the system of fencing which I had learnt from Prevost could scarcely be altered for the better, the English method of sabre play, good as it was, could be considerably improved. Sabre players, as a rule, have not been fencers, or at least have been fencers of trifling skill. Accomplished fencers have usually, from an exaggerated fear of losing their lightness of hand, not cared to work much with the sabre. The consequence has been that no attempt has been made to bring knowledge of the small sword to bear upon sabre play, and that little attention has been given to what is really the most formidable way of handling the latter weapon. Those who have taught its use seem to have thought of little else than the cuts which can be given with it, and to have overlooked the fact that the modern sabre, essentially a cut-and-thrust weapon, can be used with great effect for thrusts, and that, when thrusting, a man exposes himself less and is more likely to disable his antagonist than when he delivers a cut. It is true that one or two thrusts have been taught, but small reliance has been placed in them, and several of the fencer's methods of attack and defence which are admirably suited for sword play have been altogether neglected.

This must have seemed to the mind of a thoughtful professor of swordsmanship a very shocking state of things; and the pain which a sadly narrow theory of sabre-play caused him was doubtless increased when he discovered that some original thinker had pointed out that when a cut is made the sword passes through a greater distance than when a thrust is made, and that a cut is therefore necessarily slower than a thrust. To remedy the evil condition of things he set vigorously to work, and, as he was mercifully afforded numerous subjects for experiments in the shape of adversaries who presented themselves, he was able to conduct his investigations in a very thorough and satisfactory manner. He endeavoured, he says, to improve sabre-play by introducing into it many movements of the fencer, and by copying his method of attack, and he was stimulated by a just feeling of the importance of his subject. Sabre practice, he says rightly enough, is not a mere exercise, but a course of training which teaches a man how to defend his life; and clearly, therefore, a really efficacious, and not a traditional, method of handling the sword should be adopted; and he further observes, with undeniable justice, that a soldier's chance of victory in a hand-to-hand contest with a determined antagonist is not likely to be improved by the fact that his instructors have forgotten that a sabre has a point as well as an edge, and have not taught him the most formidable way of using the weapon they have placed in his hands.

This instruction Mr. Waite now seeks to give. He does not neglect the old system, as he describes carefully the established cuts and guards; but to these he adds a series of movements taken from fencing, and it is his description of these which is likely to attract the attention of thoughtful sabreurs. It would be futile to attempt to give even a summary of the various methods of attack and defence which he very clearly describes, but it may be briefly said that the principal attacks of the fencer, such as the *coup droit*, the *dégagement*, *une deux*, the *battement et dégagement*, are adapted to the sabre, it being of course assumed that the straight cut and thrust sabre is used. Of the value of these in sword-play there can be little doubt. Lunges or thrusts can be made more quickly than cuts, and are far more deadly. A sabre cut may only infuriate a bold foe; but a man who is run through the body

falls to the ground; and in contests with such adversaries as the Indian swordsmen, the soldier who has mastered the movements described by Mr. Waite will be certain of victory. He will disable his antagonist while the latter's sword is still in the air, or will draw his attack, and then deftly use the point long before the other can parry. Perhaps the movement which against such antagonists, or indeed against any wild swordsman, will avail most, is the *coup d'arrêt*, or stop thrust, which, with many other movements, Mr. Waite takes from fencing. As the right way of delivering it is not always understood in England even by those who practise the small-sword, and, as it is often confounded with the *coup de temps*, or time thrust, from which it is essentially different, it may be well to give some description of the two. The time thrust is the most difficult of all hits in fencing, so difficult and so dangerous indeed, that few are likely to resort to it *sur le terrain*. The fencer who delivers it must be acute enough to perceive that his antagonist is going to make a feint before attacking him, and must judge rightly what that feint will be. Then lunging with great rapidity the instant the other begins, and carrying his hand well to the right or left, and high or low, as the case may be, he catches the blade of his adversary on the false movement, thereby effectually stopping the attack, and at the same time impales him. It is scarcely necessary to point out how difficult it is to make rightly such a guess as has to be made here, and, though the time thrust is often delivered by some very accomplished French fencers, who acquire a wonderful power of reading their antagonist's intentions, there is always great risk about it, as if the fencer guesses wrong he fails most ignominiously. The stop thrust is a rougher, but at the same time more effective, way of dealing with an adversary. It is intended to stop those who run in or make a step or two forward before attacking. The fencer who delivers it lunges out directly the other moves, and as generally a man's sword is disordered most irregularly when he is running in or making a step before attacking, the master of the *coup d'arrêt* in nineteen cases out of twenty hits his antagonist and remains untouched himself. "Immediately," says Mr. Waite, "that you see him [the antagonist] move, deliver a straight thrust at his breast with a lunge, you will then, if your movement is done in proper time, find your point on his breast as he has completed the advance, and he will be unable to lunge and deliver his attack." The *coup d'arrêt* may be combined with the *coup de temps*, but this master-stroke is rarely achieved even by the most skilful. How efficacious the simple *coup d'arrêt* is need scarcely be pointed out. In sabre-play, which is usually much wilder than small-sword-play, men frequently rush on to their adversaries, and doubtless bold assailants often do the same in actual combat. In either case the *coup d'arrêt* is better than any parry, and assuredly when real blades are used the man who receives it will "be unable to lunge and deliver his attack," as he will infallibly be run through the body and probably stopped by the pommel of the sword against his breast. The other processes described by Mr. Waite for obtaining this desirable result are perhaps not quite so thorough and effectual as the *coup d'arrêt*, but they are extremely practical and have great merit, and there can be no doubt that he is right in recommending to amateurs of the sabre the adoption of many of the fencer's movements. It is true that these have not been altogether overlooked, as is pointed out in the passage which we have quoted; but to Mr. Waite belongs the credit of showing fully how the sabre can be used for thrusting and of greatly improving the present method of sword-play. His well-written manual should receive the attention not only of amateurs of sabre-play and single-stick, but also of those who instruct soldiers in the use of the weapon. Let it be hoped that within four or five years the Horse Guards may become aware of the existence of this excellent little work.

One portion of it may not impossibly attract the attention of some who know nothing of cuts and guards and take not the smallest interest in swordsmanship, but are fond of literary curiosities. To such the elaborate series of rules and instructions for sabre duels which Mr. Waite has translated from the Comte de Chateaueillard's terrible "Essai sur le Duel" will not be unattractive, and there is no presumption in surmising that to most English readers they will be new. A very curious series of rules they certainly are, and the author or compiler seems to have taken great pains to show how gentlemen should conduct themselves when they desire to maim or kill each other. As a specimen of his minute and careful legislation, we will quote Rules 7, 10, and 11:—

7th.—When the combatants are placed, the seconds measure the blades, which must be of equal length and similar shape. The choice of the sabre, if similar ones are used, must be tossed for. If by carelessness the sabres are not alike, the choice should still be tossed for; but if the sabres are too disproportioned for such a combat it should certainly be put off.

10th.—The seconds, after having invited the combatants to take off their coats and waistcoats, must go up to their principal's opponent, who must show his naked breast in order to prove that he wears nothing to protect himself against the edge or point of the sabre blade. His refusal would be equivalent to a refusal to fight.

11th.—When what is above described is finished, the seconds should toss for which one of them is to explain the conventions of the duel to the combatants, to whom the weapons are then given, with the recommendation to wait until the signal is given to begin.

Much more provision is shown here than in the framing of many Acts of Parliament, and the other ordinances have all been drawn up with the same thoughtful care; and it is worth notice that the legal prosecution of a combatant guilty of unfair play is strictly

enjoined as the duty of the seconds on both sides. These curious regulations form an appropriate conclusion to Mr. Waite's manual. After teaching sabre-play very fully, he gives the rules which those who wish to make practical use of the weapon are bound to follow.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

THERE is much uncertainty amongst business men as to the probable course of the money market during the year that has just opened. In the early part of the autumn most competent observers were of opinion that the value of money would now be much higher than it is. Trade had been improving for a twelvemonth, and would evidently continue to improve at a still more rapid rate. Speculation was even more active than trade, and in the United States a great demand for gold was springing up. These were all causes to make money dearer, and competent observers concluded that they would produce their natural effect. But, as a matter of fact, they have not done so to the extent expected. Until a few weeks ago, the Bank of England rate of discount remained at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum, and, except for about two days when the rise occurred, the open market rate was always so much lower that the Bank practically did no discount business. The rate was raised to 3 per cent., and ever since the Bank has been out of the market. It has lent money for Stock Exchange requirements in very large amounts. But genuine discounting, except for its regular customers, it has not done. The calculations of a few months ago being thus so glaringly disappointed, people ask whether reasoning on the probabilities of the present may not turn out equally fallacious. There is, of course, no answer to the question save that men must act on the best opinion they can form, and that the best opinion is that which has the strongest probabilities in its favour. This, we venture to think, is the case in the instance before us. For how is it that the value of money has not risen as anticipated? The cause is found in the fact that the Bank of France acted contrary to the received principles of good management in the case of banks holding the ultimate cash reserve of the countries to which they belong. When it was seen that a great demand for gold was springing up in the United States, which the United States had it in their power to gratify because of the large sums due to them by Europe for wheat, Indian corn, cotton, bacon, butter, meat, tobacco, and other produce, competent observers concluded that the Bank of France, on which the demand chiefly fell in the first instance, would raise its rate of discount high enough to make it too costly to take away gold. Had it done so, the Bank of England, to protect its own reserve, would have followed the example; and thus money would have been made dear. But the Bank of France disappointed all expectations. The French Government thought that it would be injurious to the Republic to check trade and speculation by raising the value of money, and induced the Bank to abstain from the measures which would have protected its metallic reserve. Although, therefore, events have not turned out according to the expectations of competent observers, these latter were perfectly right in their reasoning. The economic causes would have made money dearer had not political influences interfered. It is quite possible, of course, that politics may again derange the money-markets. But it is not our province to discuss the political situation. Our reasoning is based on the assumption that the purely economic causes are allowed to act uninterruptedly. Each reader must modify for himself the conclusions according to what he thinks the probable course of political events.

The first economic fact to note is that the improvement in trade is likely to assume still greater proportions in the year upon which we have just entered. As yet it has only just gone far enough to give full employment to the working classes, without leading to a rise of wages except in a few instances. Even so, however, the various branches of trade have been carried on profitably for a considerable time now, which means that the capitalists of the United Kingdom have been receiving a handsome return on their investments. They have a strong motive, therefore, for putting new capital into their businesses, for enlarging their concerns, for taking on new hands, and generally for extending their operations wherever an opening offers. All this implies the sinking of considerable sums in the form of fixed capital, and the stretching of credit so as to take advantage of new chances of profit. But stretching of credit is the creation of a large new demand for capital to work the businesses. At the same time the full employment of mills, which a year ago were closed altogether or going only two or three days a week, means an enormous increase of the outlay on labour all over the country. Employers need more money to pay their workpeople, for which purpose cheques are totally inapplicable. Wages must be paid in cash, and the wage-earners, having no bank accounts, retain the money in hand to meet their weekly expenditure. Thus every increase of employment implies a corresponding increase in the circulation—largely, no doubt, in the circulation of silver, but to no small extent also in that of gold and notes, the latter being based upon gold and therefore equivalent to it. Furthermore, every increase of employment even at the old rates of wages leads to an increase in the demand for articles of general consumption. A family, which had been working only three days a week, or which had been living from hand to mouth by picking

up odd jobs, and which has now constant, regular employment, is necessarily a much better customer of the butcher, baker, and grocer. It is able, too, to replenish its wardrobe, and to replace the carpets, curtains, and other articles of furniture parted with in the bad times. When this increased buying is multiplied by thousands, and spreads over the whole of Great Britain, the magnitude of the effect will be realized. The small tradespeople, who had lost so many of their customers while trade was bad, or kept them only by giving credit, find themselves once more in funds, and are able in their turn not only to lay in a larger stock of the goods in which they deal, but also to extend their own personal expenditure. In this way the effect of the first improvement is transmitted from class to class, and from trade to trade; and as it goes on widening it gives employment to more and more new capital. The struggling grocer, who finds his customers suddenly increasing their expenditure, and requiring articles which for years they had been obliged to go without or to buy in very sparing quantities, and who in consequence has to add to his stock, requires additional capital just as much as the millowner, whose machinery has been idle half the week and is now working high pressure. But this general demand for additional capital as necessarily tends to raise its value as does enhanced demand for any other article. At the same time, however, capital itself is becoming more plentiful. Of the increased profits and earnings of all classes a part is saved, and goes into the banks to be employed in the short loan market. The larger portion, no doubt, is invested in the businesses of those who accumulate it; and another portion is invested in Stock Exchange securities. But a considerable part goes into the banks, and thus tends to satisfy the demand for additional accommodation. When, by the inaction of the Bank of France, the greater part of the American demand for gold was thrown upon Paris instead of upon London, this growth of capital sufficed hitherto to keep down the value of money. There was such a vast mass of idle capital when the revival of trade began, that considerably to enhance the value of the whole, reinforced as it has been since, required a long continuance of improvement. But now a new force is coming into play. The workpeople are moving all over the country for an advance of wages. In some cases the advance has been given, and before long it must be conceded everywhere. But a general rise of wages will affect the money market in the two ways pointed out above. It will swell the circulation by increasing the amounts paid away in wages; and it will add to the purchasing power, and, therefore, to the consumption, of the working classes.

Even, then, if we were to confine our view to the home trade, we see abundant reason for concluding that the value of money must tend upwards. And, when we extend our examination to the foreign trade, these reasons are strongly confirmed. There has been of late a general recovery of the raw-material-producing countries, and their recovery has already resulted in a marked increase of the trade with this country. This must continue for some time longer. In the case of the most important of them all, the United States, there appears likely a very great augmentation. When prosperity returned to the United States, they took up again the schemes of railway construction interrupted by the panic of 1873. The first result was an extraordinary demand for English iron and steel. But very soon the native production and manufacture overtook the demand. The works so long idle were set going again, and, favoured by the protective tariff, were able to undersell this country. It would seem, however, that the consumption is now outstripping the production, and that recourse must again be had to this country. Vast as was the railway construction of the past year, that of the present promises to be still vaster, and renewed American buying of iron will at once send up the price of coal as well as of iron. Nor is it only the United States that are building railways on an immense scale. Mexico is also to be opened up. Concessions of various lines have been granted, and some are actually being constructed. The South American States are likewise resuming abandoned projects. Thus, a large foreign demand for English iron and steel appears probable, involving, as we have just said, a rise of the prices of both iron and coal. But a rise in the price of coal and iron—that is, of the instruments of manufacture—would enhance the cost of production of almost every article. In other words, the capital necessary to carry on nearly every kind of business is likely to be increased, not alone by increased production and a rise of wages, but also by the enhanced cost of both iron and coal. But everything which makes additional capital necessary, of course tends to raise the value of capital. There is one other cause remaining to be noticed, which is likely to affect the money market powerfully. We mean foreign borrowing. As yet there have been few State loans launched since the recovery of credit. India and the colonies have had recourse to this market, and so have Portugal and a few others; but there is still a hesitation to bring out loans for foreign States. But foreign loans for industrial purposes are already very numerous. This very week we have had a very considerable example in the issue of the Northern Pacific Railroad Bonds, amounting to four millions sterling, and many more are to follow. No doubt, a portion of the proceeds of those loans, greater or less as the case may be, will be spent in this country in the purchase of materials and in the payment of commission, freight, and other charges. But a portion also will be sent abroad, and will thus diminish the disposable capital in the market. If there should also be a demand for gold for abroad to

any amount, either for currency requirements, such as we experienced of late from the United States, or for the resumption of specie payments in Italy, this would still further affect the market. And all the enhanced demand, which we have been tracing, will come upon markets already weakened. In the five last months of 1879 and 1880 the United States took from Europe very nearly 30 millions sterling in gold, and absorbed all the metal produced at home. The great European banks, therefore, are not well supplied with gold.

#### WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE full and brilliant display of the work of certain masters of the Dutch school lends a special distinction to the array of Old Masters at Burlington House. The collection is altogether of the highest interest and value; and it is perhaps not worth while, where there is so much that is good, to institute any comparison with what has been shown in former years. The great English artists have often been in greater force; and yet, both of Reynolds and of Gainsborough, there are admirable and characteristic examples. The display of Italian art in the period of its highest development is saved from insignificance by the presence of Lord Cowper's *Raffaelles* and one or two fine portraits by Andrea del Sarto; while of the earlier schools there is enough to illustrate the special aims of painting at a time when it laboured constantly in the service of religion, and when its practice was determined by a strict regard for decorative effect.

It is worth while to compare these examples of primitive art with a collection of designs by living painters which are now being exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery. To the later pictures at Burlington House we shall speedily return for longer and more careful study, but in the meantime it is interesting to note how far the most recent development of painting in England has sought instruction and support in the models of the fifteenth century. It is too often assumed by those who have made no special study of the history of painting that the peculiar manner in which the earlier artists worked was wholly due to imperfect knowledge and to the immaturity of their powers. The difference between a Mantegna and a Titian, or between a fresco by Ghirlandajo and the later work of the artists of the Roman school is confidently assigned to the different degrees of technical proficiency which these men respectively possessed; and what is strange to us in the manner of the artists of the quattrocento is accordingly excused on the ground that they knew no better, and that they did the best that could be done within the straitened limits of the art of their time. The critics who willingly extend this indulgence towards the earlier masters are, however, altogether intolerant of all work in our own day which attempts to revive these primitive forms. It is deemed an unpardonable affectation to look to Masaccio or Mantegna for instruction when we have as our inheritance the more perfect productions of the later schools, and the work that is done under such influences is dismissed as being altogether wanting in originality and in the feeling of sympathy with the present age. A very little consideration, however, will serve to show that this line of argument rests upon an imperfect understanding of the different aims proper to art. It is, no doubt, partly true that the earlier men were hampered by insufficient knowledge, but this of itself will not account for all that is distinctive in the manner of their work. Technically speaking, painting, as it was originally practised in modern Europe, was regulated by a strict regard for ornamental effect. It was in the hands of men who were often at the same time architects, sculptors, and even goldsmiths, and who therefore brought to their work in colour influences derived from the simultaneous study of other crafts. The imitation of nature in the sense in which it was understood by the later schools was kept in check by a controlling sentiment for that quality of design which is common to all the arts; and it is to the supremacy of this sentiment that we owe the striking versatility of power discoverable in many of the older artists, and which enabled them to pass from sculpture to painting, and from painting to architecture, without effort and without failure. It is unquestionably true that, as the technical resources of painting developed, these conditions underwent a gradual process of revolution. An increasing facility in reproducing the actual appearances of nature induced a stronger feeling for the charms of illusion. Art became more and more absorbed by the intricate and difficult problems of light and colour, until at last the painter, no less than his public, came to think of a picture as an exact image of reality, capable of being identified at all points with the objects which it undertook to represent. It will be observed, however, that this conception of art cannot always fit with the requirements of decoration. Here the first condition is not imitation, but ornament, and therefore the realism which is proper to an easel picture must be subordinated to a sense of order in arrangement of line, and of harmonious balance in colour. The attempted revival during the last few years of the practice of decoration has not unnaturally led to a reconsideration of these principles, and by an inevitable tendency painters who have devoted themselves to this branch of art have turned for example to that epoch in the history of painting when its ornamental functions had the most decisive ascendancy.

These remarks may serve by way of general comment upon

much of the decorative work that is now exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery. What has been said will not of course dispose of the many conflicting opinions that are aroused by the art of a painter like Mr. Burne Jones, but it may enable us the better to understand his intention. In deliberately seeking to revive some of the earlier modes of expression, he is not, we may be sure, led by mere caprice, or by a pedantic regard for the past. If he chooses for models of imitation the earlier masters of Florentine design rather than great magicians with the brush like Titian or Rubens, it is because he perceives that the aims of these later men do not accord with the special purpose of his work. What is too readily assumed to be the wilful affectation of his art ought not then to put any one in a passion. There is enough here to prove that he is a man of exceptional talent, of rare industry, and of an inexhaustible invention. The particular cast of his imagination has for a large number of persons no sort of fascination; for others it possesses a strong and enduring charm. To reconcile these opposite opinions is obviously not the business of criticism, nor indeed is it at all necessary or desirable that the available enthusiasm of the world should be all directed to the same goal. But it is of importance in view of the modern feeling for decoration that the relation which such art as this holds to the other products of our time should be rightly understood. There is no greater blunder than to suppose that a new departure in painting can be made in absolute independence of what has been done in the past. The cry for originality in all the arts is the pet vulgarity of our day, and if we look back to those seasons in the world's history which have really left us a great inheritance of original work, we shall find that they have always been characterized by a spirit of the frankest and most liberal appropriation from the accumulated stores at their command. Benvenuto Cellini, the most robust of artists, thought it the highest honour to try to imitate and to rival the grace of antique sculpture; it was a constant reproach to Mantegna in his day that his designs were only a rigid copy of bas-reliefs on Roman monuments, and we know in the case of a noble genius like Raffaello how gladly he took from Perugino all that Perugino had to give. To say, therefore, that Mr. Burne Jones frankly and studiously seeks to revive the principles of Florentine design is in effect only to declare that he has chosen the models that best accord with the particular bent of his genius. The effort that he is making, whatever may be the ultimate judgment upon his individual powers, cannot but powerfully assist the movement with which he is associated; and, if the visitor to the present exhibition at Burlington House will frankly survey the successive developments of art in Europe, he will be disposed, we believe, to grant that there is something that is distinguishable from affectation in the endeavour to revive the practice of a school whose triumphs were founded upon the art of design.

The remaining contents of the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery are of a more familiar order. A collection of water-colour drawings by English artists is supplemented by some interesting specimens in the same material by representatives of the contemporary school of France. The particular direction which water-colour art has recently taken in England is very strikingly illustrated by the comparison which we are thus enabled to make between the products of the two countries. The French work is strangely different from our own, but it bears at the same time a strong affinity to the earlier efforts of our school. While the younger professors of this branch of art are striving to force the material into competition with oil, and in the pursuit of this ambition are overloading their drawings with body-colour, the Frenchmen, like the Dutchmen who were represented last year, show that they are content to labour in the tradition established by the earlier masters. They are content, that is to say, to confine the use of water-colour to purposes for which it is obviously adapted, and are therefore enabled to preserve a quality of execution which many of our own painters have lost. It is not, of course, to be said that these criticisms apply with equal force to all the native work that is displayed in the exhibition, or that the freer and more brilliant manner of the foreign artists is always used with good effect. In some instances the evident cleverness of manipulation is too recklessly asserted; there is, as it would seem, a desire to impress the spectator with a sense of the artist's dexterity; but, taken as a whole, these French drawings do undoubtedly serve to remind us of a quality which English water-colour art once possessed, and has now partly lost.

#### THE CUP AT THE LYCEUM.

THE Laureate's new play has an amount of dramatic force which may not have been expected. Part of *The Cup* is in the best sense both dramatic and poetic. It is deliberate rather than slow in action, and in this as in some other things has or suggests a resemblance to the Greek tragedy, and, as in Greek tragedy, the action waits but does not halt. Like the French poet with whose name Mr. Taine contrasted that of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Tennyson has caught that sense of impending fate which Musset delighted to catch, and has impressed it upon his audiences with delicacy and force. Musset gave both to his modern dramas and to his dramas of definite past periods, and most especially to his dramas which might have belonged to any period, that curious feeling of a grim fate waiting to overtake the personages

who seemed to themselves to be living untroubled lives, which has been often commented on. It was his singularity that he never went back into the time with which Mr. Tennyson has dealt, and dealt successfully. The story of *The Cup*, as told by Plutarch, is one which in its motive is unhappily enough common, like all really moving tragedies, to all time. Mr. Tennyson has made of it a play which refutes to a great extent the opinion that his genius had no dramatic side, and which may rank hereafter among his best works.

The plot of the play, in spite of Plutarch, of Thomas Corneille, and of other dramatists, is not likely to be familiar to the majority of English readers or playgoers. In the *Comma* of Thomas Corneille—too little known by his really good work; too much known perhaps by the great Dumas's celebrated repartee, "Adieu, Thomas!"—Sinorix appears as a usurping tyrant who has poisoned Sinnatus, King of Galatia, because, having promised his hand to Hesione, daughter of Sinorix, he has found that he likes Camma, Sinorix's wife, better than Hesione. In the first scene Sinorix tells Phœdime, his confidant, in words which cannot but amuse people who remember a well-known modern comedian's well-known catchword,

Cependant, tu le sais, je ne suis pas heureux.

Meanwhile Sostrate, a friend of Sinnatus, is embarrassed by his co-existing affections for Hesione, for Camma, and for Sinorix. Here of course is plentiful matter for that kind of intrigue in which the French classical drama delighted, and equally of course regard to the unities and to the conventional decencies of that drama makes the catastrophe of Thomas Corneille's play very different from the catastrophe of Mr. Tennyson's. Death is not seen, but is reported by eye-witnesses, and in many other minor matters into which it might be tedious to go, the difference between the two methods is strongly marked. In Mr. Tennyson's version, as presented at the Lyceum, the first scene shows us a distant view of "A City of Galatia among wooded hills. Before the Temple of Artemis." Sinorix appears upon the stage, and his first speech gives some clue to his character and to the tragedy which underlies the beauty of the two first scenes:—

Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering in  
The city where she dwells. She past me here  
Three years ago when I was flying from  
My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touch'd her—  
A maiden slowly moving on to music  
Among her maidens to this Temple—O Gods!  
She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate  
Brought me again to her own city. Married  
Since—married Sinnatus, the tetrarch here—  
But, if he be conspirator, Rome will chain  
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then—  
When I shall have my tetrarchy restored.  
I never felt such passion for a woman—  
What have I written to her?

This fine speech, as finely delivered as possible by Mr. Irving, may serve in some measure to illustrate the comparison which we have made between some of Musset's plays and *The Cup*. It is charged with the sense of impending trouble of which we have already spoken; and yet it must be noted that, like Musset, Mr. Tennyson has left it to the actor to understand and express this sense. Sinorix, during the last few lines, produces a cup from under his cloak, and what he has written and what he reads to himself is this:—

To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup, rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city through which he passed with the Roman army. It is the cup we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than *A Galatian serving by force in the Roman Legion*.

From the reading of this letter to the end of the first act the action of the piece is close and steady. Sinnatus passes with his hounds and followers. Sinorix invites himself to join the hunt, and the scene changes to the interior of Sinnatus's house, where Camma is waiting anxiously for her husband:—

No Sinnatus yet—and there the rising moon—  
Moon on the field and the foam,  
Moon on the waste and the wild,  
Moon bring him home, bring him home,  
Safe from the dark and the cold,  
Home, sweet moon bring him home,  
Home with the flock to the fold  
Safe from the wolf.

These lines are sung by Miss Ellen Terry with exquisite grace and feeling to a harp or lyre accompaniment, music of the most attractive and appropriate kind having been written for them by Mr. Hamilton Clarke. Sinorix, who has introduced himself under the assumed name of Strato, comes in with Sinnatus, and overhearing some communication from a soldier to Sinnatus touching "our anti-Roman faction," sees his way to his plot. Left alone with Camma, he tells her that Antonius, the Roman general encamped outside the city, has orders to capture Sinnatus and put him to death by torture. Camma's entreaties may prevail against this, and she will do well to intercept Antonius as he passes in the early morning outside the Temple of Artemis. Meanwhile, Sinorix has been recognized, and the populace are clamouring for his life, for the tale which Antonius says in the former scene he has heard—

That your own people cast you from their bounds  
For some dishonour done to some man's wife,  
As Rome did Tarquin—

is a true one. Sinnatus, loathing the man, but remembering that he is his guest, though self-invited, tells him in the same breath of his hatred for him and of a way of escape. Camma, presently left alone after a charming love scene with Sinnatus, debates with herself as to what is best to do. She says of Synorix:—

His face was not malignant, and he said  
That men malign'd him. Shall I go? Shall I go?  
I go—but I will have my dagger with me.

The third scene shows an open space before the steps of Artemis's Temple. Sinnatus, after a brief colloquy with Antonius, speaks a soliloquy which seems to be the clue to his character:—

I have my guard about me.  
I need not fear the crowd that hunted me  
Last night across the woods: I hardly gained  
The camp at midnight. Will she come to me  
Now that she knows me Synorix? Not if Sinnatus  
Have told her all the truth about me. Well!  
I cannot help the mould that I was cast in;  
I fling all that upon my fate—my star!  
I know that I am genial, and happy  
Would be, and make all others happy—so  
They did not thwart me. Nay, she will not come.  
Still, if she be a true and loving wife,  
She will perchance, to save this husband. Ay!  
See, see! my white bird stepping toward the snare!

There is a villany about this which may seem revolting enough when it is read in cold blood, but which, as Mr. Irving speaks the lines, is curiously impressive. A short and stormy dialogue ensues between Synorix and Camma, who at once suspects the trap into which she has fallen. She refuses to walk with him towards the camp, and he replies:—

Then for your own sake—  
Lady, I say it with all gentleness—  
And for the sake of Sinnatus, your husband,  
I must compel you.

At this she draws her dagger; Synorix wrests it from her; and Sinnatus, rushing in upon Synorix, is stabbed with his wife's weapon. With his dying breath he tells her to take refuge in the Temple of Artemis, and Synorix ends the act with a fine soliloquy over the dead body.

Thus far the tragedy is both poetical and dramatic; the second act, while it contains some admirable poetry, has, as it seems to us, far less of dramatic craft. Half a year has passed, and Camma has, "for her beauty, stateliness, and power," been chosen Priestess of the Temple. Synorix's ambition, meanwhile, has been gratified by his being made King of Galatia, and Camma, seeming to yield at last to his oft-repeated entreaties that she will marry him, puts poison in the cup from which they each drink as part of the ceremony, and which is the same cup that Synorix presented in the first act. Here, as it strikes us, is matter for dramatic effect which the poet has neglected. All through the latter part of the act one expects some fiery scene between Camma and Synorix, when she reveals to him what her true purpose in bringing him into the temple has been. No such scene is given to us, and the want of some such scene is the more marked by the odd carelessness which Synorix displays when Camma (after she has poisoned him, be it observed) cross-questions Antonius as to the lies told by Synorix to gain his end in the first act. All the effect produced upon him by these sudden and pointed questions is to make him say "Go on with the marriage rites." Almost immediately afterwards he dies, saying to her, "Thou art coming my way, too." Her death follows close upon his with the speech:—

My way? Crawl, worm; crawl down thine own dark hole  
To the lowest Hell.

Have I the crown on? I will go  
To meet him, crown'd, crown'd victor of my will—  
On my last voyage—but the wind has fail'd—  
Growing dark too—but light enough to row.  
Row to the blessed Isles!—the blessed Isles!  
There—league on league of ever-shining shores  
Beneath an ever-rising sun—I see him,  
Sinnatus! Sinnatus!

It is impossible to imagine this speech being more beautifully delivered than it is by Miss Ellen Terry, and yet it cannot avoid having a certain suspicion of anti-climax. One singularly fine passage in the scene has the dramatic force and impressiveness which seem to us to be wanting in the final scene. This is the invocation of Artemis, first by Synorix, then by Camma, with its accompanying chorus. This is, both from a poetical and dramatic point of view, as good as possible, and the music is admirably arranged by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who produces a most striking effect by taking the last "Artemis" in the last invocation by the chorus an octave higher than it is taken in the corresponding notes of the previous passages.

Miss Ellen Terry's performance of Camma fully justifies the opinion as to the extent of her powers which has frequently been expressed in these columns. It is charged with grace, dignity, and tenderness, and the conflicting passion of the last act is given with extraordinary force. The invocation of Artemis already spoken of might alone stamp Miss Terry as a great actress. Without any trick of gesture or of voice, almost without any perceptible departure from her ordinary method, the actress yet manages to give a deadly force to every word. Here the excellence of Mr. Irving's byplay serves to accent more strongly Synorix's really stupid indifference to the burning questions which Camma afterwards puts to Antonius. In the part of Camma the one fault which we have sometimes observed in Miss Terry's acting, a certain

tendency to monotony or trick of gesture, has completely disappeared. Nothing could be finer than her action and attitude throughout. Synorix is, as may be guessed from our quotations, a singularly difficult part. Mr. Irving plays it with rare skill, picturesque, and impressiveness. Mr. Terriss gives a pleasant bluntness and manliness to the hunter Sinnatus. What is meant by the observation that he seems "modern," we are unable to understand. Mr. Tyars gives weight and dignity to Antonius. It is impossible by description to convey an adequate idea of the beauty and artistic correctness of the scenery and mounting of the piece. The most striking effect is produced by the last scene in the interior of the temple, with its seemingly solid pillars, and colossal image of Artemis at the back. Here there is artfully suggested a sense of vastness which recalls De Quincey's wonderful description of his "Consul Romanus" dream. The grouping and the management of colour shown in it are alike admirable.

## REVIEWS.

### ENGLISH LAND AND ENGLISH LANDLORDS.\*

MR. BRODRICK'S comprehensive work on the land system of England is in a high degree useful and instructive. Those who differ from his conclusions may derive from the book much valuable information; and he is the more likely to obtain disciples and converts because he is fair in statement, sincere in his desire to ascertain the truth, and but moderately and legitimately pugnacious. Though Mr. Brodrick is well known as a strong party politician, he for the most part concerns himself in the present work only with social and economic interests. His residue of prejudice finds comparatively harmless expression in such phrases as "fatuous policy" applied in the spirit of a Whig of seventy years ago to the heroic resistance of England to the tyranny and ambition of Napoleon. It is only by accidental good fortune that in his main argument Mr. Brodrick swims with the stream. He would deprecate entails and primogeniture with equal earnestness if he were not, through the progress of democracy, on the winning side. He will perhaps regret to see that his conclusions are adopted in practical legislation, not so much because they are sound, as in compliance with the demands of constituencies from which landlords, large farmers, and substantial tradesmen will be practically excluded. The master of thirty legions may sometimes be in the right; but his triumphs in controversy are attained, not by weighing reasons, but by counting heads. Mr. Brodrick's moderate proposals scarcely seem to satisfy his own theoretical aspirations. They will almost certainly be overtaken and left behind by Parliaments representing labourers and artisans distributed into equal electoral constituencies. Landowners will find no hearing for any answer which they may wish to offer to Mr. Brodrick's vigorous arguments. The threatened abolition of their order, with the organic changes in English social life which will ensue, may excuse some disinclination to concur in the expediency of breaking up hereditary estates. Mr. Brodrick, indeed, has persuaded himself that "no sudden or startling change would be effected by so moderate a reform [as the abolition of settlements and entails] in the characteristic features of English country life. There would still be a squire occupying the great house in most of our villages, and this squire would generally be the son of the last squire. . . . Only here and there would a noble park be deserted for want of means to keep it up." Travellers on the great Continental routes well know that in almost all parts of Europe there is scarcely a gentleman's house to be seen in a hundred miles, though, if they consult books on agrarian reform, they will be informed, perhaps truly, that the peasantry derive a comfortable subsistence from the land. It is true that in France, in the Low Countries, in Western Germany, in Switzerland and Italy, the law of compulsory subdivision, to which, as an English institution, Mr. Brodrick objects, is irrevocably established; but the same constituencies which direct their delegates to abolish entail will, if the custom of primogeniture is found to survive the law, enforce the subdivision which may not have resulted from permissive legislation. It is the opinion of some of the warmest admirers of the agricultural system which exists in the Channel Islands that, notwithstanding the economical advantages which are attributed to petty cultivation, the subdivision of land could not be maintained without compulsory distribution among the children of defunct owners. Mr. Brodrick may fairly decline to be judged by the possible consequences of political measures which are unconnected with his proposals for the legislation of landed property; and he might plausibly contend that moderate reforms would afford the best security against revolutionary change. While he regards with complacency the possible growth of a peasant proprietary, he both desires and expects a more complex distribution of land, involving the retention of estates of various magnitudes, occupied partly by tenant farmers under landlords and in other cases by large and small freeholders. It is to be regretted that a dispassionate inquirer should habitually use the phrases "free land" or "free trade in land," which embody an argument, and which have acquired a controversial meaning. It is not obvious that freedom of dealing with land is identical with new legislative restrictions on its dis-

\* *English Land and English Landlords.* By the Hon. George C. Brodrick. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1880.

posal. It is true that the accuracy of the term may be defended; but a disputant who wishes to convince hostile or neutral hearers loses more than he gains by prematurely assuming that he is in the right.

In dealing with some branches of his subject Mr. Brodrick has laudably declined to reproduce popular cant. He dwells but little on the alleged inability of limited owners to do justice to their land; and he utterly repudiates the fanciful grievance supposed to be suffered by younger sons of landed families. The cadet who receives but a small share of the hereditary property would have had nothing to share if the estate had not been transmitted to the last owner by his ancestors. Not the owners or the families of owners, but the possible purchasers of land, feel the desire which is now widely repeated—and which, perhaps, is in some instances sincerely entertained—for greater facilities in the transfer of land. It is true that vendors would profit largely by an increase in the number of competitors; and they would also derive benefit from a reduction in the expenses of conveyancing; but only a small minority of landowners wish to sell; and the complication of titles might be abolished by a measure to which Mr. Brodrick has scarcely paid the attention which it deserves. It would be possible, as Mr. Osborne Morgan suggests, to enable trustees to give an indefeasible title, while they would still remain equitably liable to the beneficial owners for the performance of their trusts. Except by the adoption of such a plan, or by Mr. Brodrick's method of abolishing life-estates, no system of registration would materially simplify transfer. The enlargement of the power of trustees would not tend to bring more land into the market, because, with few exceptions, they would decline to transgress the limits of their powers; but the rule that a purchaser need only look to the registered owner would at once render conveyances cheap and secure. The object of increasing the number of landowners which Mr. Brodrick proposes will be generally beneficial, if it can be attained without a social revolution. The morbid appetite of some large proprietors for the extension of overgrown territories has been of late effectually abated through the sudden decline in the value of land. An owner with a half-dozen farms on his hands must, in most cases, be disposed to sell rather than to buy. Lord Cairns's Land Bills of last Session would in many instances have afforded to landowners means of relief, if they had been passed into law; and there can be little doubt that changes still more extensive will soon be adopted. If in any new legislation the vested interests of remaindermen are respected, it will be necessary to give existing life tenants similar powers to those which were proposed by Lord Cairns. Hereafter Mr. Brodrick would convert every life-tenancy into absolute ownership. He would also modify the right of settling land on an unborn eldest son by importing into every settlement of the kind the power of appointment which is usual in settlements of personality. There might probably be some advantage in the additional influence over their children which would thus be given to parents. A younger son selected as heir of the estate, though he would occupy an invidious position, might probably be as good as the first-born; and disturbance of the usual order of succession would probably be infrequent. In the case of peers or of titled families the actual owner would seldom exercise a discretion which could scarcely fail to operate injuriously.

Mr. Brodrick owes something to younger children whose interests he has overlooked, or perhaps deliberately disregarded. While he would allow land to be settled on the unborn son of a contemplated marriage, he sternly prohibits all alternative limitations. Even in the case of settlements already made he doubts whether it would be necessary to respect any interest except that of an heir-apparent. It may perhaps be unavoidable that the contingent rights of cadets should be sacrificed to the paramount object of bringing land freely into the market; but the enlightened reformer displays in this instance an uncompromising regard for primogeniture which is unknown to the actual law. Few settlers are so exclusively devoted to the interests of their heirs-apparent as to be indifferent whether, in default of the eldest son and his issue, the estate should devolve on the next brother. The most creditable, and perhaps the most frequent, motive for founding or continuing a family is a desire to preserve the home to which parents and children are attached. It is usual to provide that the younger sons and daughters should succeed in turn; and in many cases the transfer of the property by the eldest son to a stranger would be unjust or harsh. On a balance of considerations it may perhaps be expedient to discourage or forbid the creation of a series of life estates; but a serious hardship will be inflicted on younger children. Mr. Brodrick may perhaps think that they would gain more by frequent partition of estates than they would lose by exclusion from the benefits of settlement according to the present practice; but, as long as compulsory division is not introduced, English landowners will make strong efforts to prevent the dispersion of their estates. The precedent of the American States, in which freedom of disposal by will exists, is not applicable to England. There would be no use in accumulating landed estates where there are no farm tenants; and there is for this and other reasons no class of country gentlemen in America. Whatever may be the dictates of political or economical expediency, it is painful to look forward to the abandonment and decay of the country houses which are especially characteristic of England. Some compensation might be found for the abandonment of a few country palaces if Mr. Brodrick's rose-coloured pictures of rural life in the future could be accepted

as true to probable nature. He hopes for the revival of parochial administration in connexion with elective bodies in the unions and the counties; and he even persuades himself that in the majority of cases the squire and the incumbent would still principally direct the councils of the parish. Mr. Brodrick's political friends will leave no authority to the squire, and they meditate the early suppression of the parson. Modern government, parochial, municipal, or Imperial, will be exclusively founded on household or on universal suffrage. The landed gentry have already, since the introduction of the Ballot, ceased to influence county elections; and even if a remnant of the class survives the new agrarian legislation, they will be powerless in parishes and in counties. Some of them may be partially consoled for their compulsory abdication by watching the disappointment which awaits the farmers who mutinied at the last general election. The Government which bought their support by promises, and which paid its debt by the Ground Game Bill, has already undertaken to swamp the occupying tenants in the multitude of agricultural labourers. The farmers might have retained political power for a time if they had maintained their old alliance with their natural leaders. They have easily asserted their independence against the landlords; but they will find themselves helpless in future contests with their workmen.

The same class will be largely and not always beneficially affected by approaching changes in land tenure. Mr. Brodrick has good reason for the opinion which he expresses, that large holdings are naturally connected with large estates. If a farm of 800 acres formed the entire property of a single owner, it would, unless he was succeeded by an only child, be subdivided or sold at his death. It is doubtful whether the average extent of farms is at present too large for the most profitable cultivation. The parts of the country in which the rent of occupiers ranges from 50*l.* to 100*l.* a year has suffered less within the last two years than the Midland or Eastern counties; but the comparative exemption of small farmers from distress may be partly attributed to their smaller proportional area of grain cultivation. Except in market gardens spade husbandry is almost unknown in England. The marvellous results of the system in Holland, in the Channel Islands, and in some other parts of Europe, are recorded by Mr. Brodrick with a certain hesitation, though not with incredulity. That a Dutchman living on the produce of eight or ten acres of land should adorn his house with silver plate and with china is surprising; but the fact must be accepted, if it is stated on sufficient authority. If small freeholds are capable of producing similar results in England, the gradations of ownership and occupancy which Mr. Brodrick anticipates will be rapidly merged in a single and uniform community of peasant owners. It will then be useless to regret the total absence from rural districts of almost everything which makes life interesting to educated men.

#### SHAKESPEARE AND CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY.\*

THE translator of this first part of M. Stapfer's *Shakespeare et l'antiquité* remarks truly enough that "the aim of the book is of a purely literary character," and that it "offers no information of an etymological or philological nature." The book is indeed sufficiently differentiated in point of design and of execution from both the styles of Shakespeare criticism which, more or less imitated from German models, have been fashionable of late years in England. It busies itself only in very subordinate measure with the discovery of new points in Hamlet's soul; and with stopped lines, weak endings, and suchlike things it busies itself not at all. It is, in fact—or rather, if it were the work of an Englishman, it might be described as being—a return to the saner and more catholic kind of purely literary criticism, busied at once with form and matter, but less with matter than with form, of which England had in regard to Shakespeare an admirable hierarchy of native practitioners from the time of Dryden to that of Hazlitt, but which has of late years been more or less deserted among us. Miss Carey will probably draw down wrath upon her head from the stopped-liners by insinuating that their favourite style of censure is not correctly to be described as purely literary; but this cannot be helped, and of the propriety of the distinction there is no doubt whatever. Nor is there much doubt that a French critic, if duly qualified by knowledge of English and German literature, is in a position to give criticism on Shakespeare which will have at least a *prima facie* claim to more attention than the work of native critics, because there is greater freshness in his point of view. We do not say that English criticism of Shakespeare is ever likely to reach the point of worthlessness which has been reached by most French criticism on Racine, and by much German criticism on Goethe. There is an innate lawlessness in the literary attitude of the average Englishman which generally preserves him from mere repetition of cut-and-dried estimates, and from mere echoing of affected ecstasies. But the Englishman who tries to talk about Shakespeare is somewhat in the position of the unlucky Eastern poet who was kept for a whole day improvising complimentary couplets to the Sultan. Flatness and sameness are at last unavoidable, and the bowstring has to be got ready.

M. Stapfer's book, we believe, was in substance, if not *totidem*

\* *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity*. Translated from the French of Paul Stapfer by Emily J. Carey. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

verbis, delivered in lectures to the students of the University at Grenoble, where the author is a Professor of Literature. The English Universities do not condescend to such frivolities, and the effect of this tonic abstinence is doubtless to be found in the well-known superiority of the journeywork of English letters. Perhaps, however, though the Grenoble students are to be congratulated on having heard M. Stapfer's lectures, the book as a book would have been a little better had it been originally planned for the press and not for the platform. A certain amount of discursiveness and of repetition, an abundance of quotation, and the citing of authorities for positions which might very well be given at the author's own risk, are things positively desirable in lectures to persons *in statu pupillari*; they are to some extent blemishes in a purely literary essay. However, these defects are by no means sufficient to interfere seriously with the interest and value of the book. Its plan is simple enough. The author has taken those plays of Shakspeare which have classical subjects, and has discussed them *seriatim*, expounding their sources, commenting upon their chief peculiarities, and, where possible, comparing them with other work, both ancient and modern, on the same themes. Nor is the selection, as it may appear for the moment, arbitrary and in some sort resembling that of the botanical reformer who proposed to classify plants according to the colour of their flowers. For not only have the classical plays of Shakspeare considerable interest in their bearing on the question of the poet's intellectual equipment, but they illustrate perhaps better than any other class of his plays a point of infinitely greater importance. From the time of Dryden (when the Germans, who vainly boast themselves to have invented Shakspeare criticism, were in a state of literary barbarism) all sound critics have recognized, as the one characteristic of Shakspeare which must never be lost sight of, what may be called his literary transcendence. An Englishman of Englishmen, he is at the same time a man of men, and the extraordinary comprehension of his genius makes the time or nationality of its subjects a matter of indifference. The six or seven plays which deal with classical subjects exhibit this peculiarity, more strikingly and obviously perhaps, if not in reality more strongly, than any others. Here was a man who admittedly knew very little of classical antiquity at first hand, and whose age, learned as it was in a way, did not know very much. We, on the other hand, know a great deal about classical antiquity, and pride ourselves on having discovered its ways and thoughts. Yet, except very foolish people who stumble over the so-called anachronisms, no one can charge Shakspeare with having modernized his Greeks and Romans, with having put Hector's head on Lord Willoughby's shoulders, or clothed Cecil in the garments of Ulysses. His classical characters may not have the correctly and severely appropriate "surroundings" of character and speech that some moderns would give them. But they have the essence, and if they are not Greeks and Romans, there is at any rate no reason why they should not be. A survey of the classical plays cannot, we say, fail to bring this out, and therefore it is worth undertaking as a separate and definite subject of study.

It is needless to say that no critic is likely to endorse all the opinions of another critic, and that still less is an English critic likely to find himself in universal agreement with the utterances of a French brother of the craft. On many points, great and small, we find ourselves at variance with M. Stapfer; but that is natural and unavoidable. We think, for instance, that he is wrong in peremptorily branding *Titus Andronicus* as not Shakspeare's at all; there being much in it that no dramatist of the day save Shakspeare could have written for its goodness, and much of it the badness of which is a specially Shakspearian badness. Such points, however (and we may add to the *Titus Andronicus* question that as to *Pericles*), are hardly those for which one goes to a critic like M. Stapfer for decision. His knowledge of English literature is wide and good; but it is confessedly limited in the matter of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, a full acquaintance with whom is absolutely necessary for the settlement of such questions. Perhaps the most successful, and certainly the most interesting, division of the book is that which deals with *Troilus and Cressida*. Work on this play must always be a labour of love to any French critic, because the charming fable upon which it is based is the undoubted, or all but undoubted, property of a Frenchman. Few things are more curious than the history of the *Troilus* and *Cressida* story and its transformation in the hands of the inventor, Benoit de Sainte More, of Boccaccio, of Chaucer, of Guido Colonna, and of Shakspeare. Students of old French have of course been for some time in possession of the facts by means of the somewhat verbose, but interesting, preface to the prose romance of *Troilus* in MM. Moland and Héricault's *Nouvelles du 14<sup>ème</sup> siècle*, and of M. Joly's still more exhaustive and more recent disquisition appended to his edition of the *Roman de Troie*. But the matter has never before been so well laid before merely English readers as in M. Stapfer's chapters. These chapters, moreover, contain much excellent criticism on the various treatment of the heroine by her successive historians. The handling of *Antony and Cleopatra* is also excellent, though hardly so exhaustive and presenting some omissions. Lastly, the chapters on *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus* not unnaturally lead M. Stapfer to discuss the much canvassed question of Shakspeare's political sympathies. He admits (though scarcely with as much decision as he might) that the claim for Shakspeare as an advocate of democracy is baseless, and that he must be set down as of the other persuasion. But the admission is made with some grudgingness, apparently rather because M. Stapfer does not like to limit the area of

Shakspeare's vision to one side of the matter. This seems, however, to overlook the fact that, in the long run, political sympathies are much more a matter of temperament than of reasoning. Few men, indeed, are logical enough or cool enough to push such things back to their first principles. But those who do so push them find themselves confronted at last, in matters political as in matters religious, with certain primary oppositions of principle, equality against inequality, order against progress, &c. &c., on one side or on the other of which they must throw themselves, according to the dictates rather of a kind of political sense or taste than of a balancing of conflicting reasons. Shakspeare beyond all doubt made this journey to the end, and at the end he chose the anti-democratic side.

To criticize criticism is proverbially difficult, the sole way in which it can be done being by means of a tedious and almost unreadable running commentary. We shall therefore only say further that M. Stapfer has supplied English readers with a very thoughtful book of Shakspeare criticism, free not only from the defects already noticed in some other books of the class, but still more from the affectation and "preciousness" of style which have made not a few such books of native origin disgusting to read of late years among ourselves. His translator has done him exceedingly good service. It is, we believe, a popular idea that any one can translate French. The truth is that there is hardly a more difficult language to render properly into English. If the version is not exposed to the special danger of translating from German—the danger of retaining a stiff and ungraceful mould of sentence—difficulties equal in amount, and perhaps more treacherous in kind, are presented by the requisite substitution of equivalent idioms and the appropriate rendering of words which with similar sounds have subtle but very decided differences of sense. For instance, in half the translations of French which are presented to the English public, one single verb, *prendre*, proves too much for the translator at one time or another. We have hardly noticed a single slip of this kind in Miss Carey's work; and her sentences, with very few exceptions, read as if the language in which they now appear was their native one, and not a substitute for it. Sometimes, indeed, a certain freedom of rendering is used which would shock the strictest school of translators. Thus *rompre visière à*—by the way, *rompre en visière* is, if we mistake not, the more usual form—might very well have been literally rendered "to break a lance with," instead of "to break away from," though the latter happens in the context to be perhaps the more appropriate phrase. However, we are told in the preface that the translation has the full approval of the author, who is himself, we believe, a competent English scholar, so that minute criticism is probably superfluous. It is to be hoped that the reception of this book will encourage Miss Carey to follow it with a version of the second part—"Shakspeare and the Greek Tragedians"—which in its French form was noticed in our columns some time ago. Though (perhaps because) it is fuller of disputable points, it is the more interesting of the two, and contains more original matter.

#### THE GARDENS OF THE SUN.\*

UNDER a somewhat sensational title there is here concealed a good book. It is true that the author undertook a voyage to Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago in the interests of natural history, but a man of education and intelligence could hardly spend months in a land of "perpetual sunshine and copious rain" without seeing and reporting facts more significant than the existence of golden-winged butterflies and gigantic orchids. Mr. Burbridge went to collect specimens for conservatories and museums, but he has added considerably to our store of knowledge about Malays, Chinese traders, Sea-gypsies, Kayans, and Muruts. A preliminary chapter on the outward voyage and the characters of a Welsh stewardess, a photographing steward, and a quartermaster fond of grog, might very well have been spared; nor is there much of interest or novelty in the account of Singapore. Its hotels, its cookery, and the store and gardens of the late Hon. C. Whampoa, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, have been described and are well known, and few persons need to be told that a civilian or merchant at that Settlement employs three times as many servants as he would do in England on much less wages; and that provisions are cheap but pianos and luxuries imported from Europe are dear. However, any reader who hastily glances over the first fifty pages will find plenty to detain him in the accounts of travel through scenes vaguely associated with piracy and its suppression by Raja Brooke. Our author went not to subdue and to civilize wild tribes or to negotiate commercial treaties with unimpressible Sultans, but to ransack nature's stores, to shoot strange birds, and to see tropical vegetation in all its glory; and, though his diction is occasionally too technical for ordinary readers, no one can fail to be interested and amused when the ruling passion breaks out defiantly in spite of wet and fatigue, and mosquitoes and leeches. In one place there were rare botanical treasures for which Imperial Kew and Sir William Hooker had longed for in vain. Another was decked with jasmynes and hibiscus, with honeysuckles and the sacred lotus, and with the

\* *The Gardens of the Sun; or, a Naturalist's Journal in the Forests and Swamps of Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago.* By F. W. Burbridge, Trin. Coll. Botanical Gardens, Dublin, and formerly of the Royal Gardens, Kew. London: John Murray. 1880.

growing masses of the scarlet hippeastrum. On a third occasion, hunger and weariness seem instantaneously to have vanished before ferns of filmy beauty, graceful glomales, and flowery shrubs and palms. And when he ascended Kina Balu for the second time, Mr. Burbidge evidently thought much more of his "nice lot of seeds and plants" than of his feet which he had unluckily scalded by upsetting a hot kettle, or of the view which he might have obtained by a slight additional climb of three thousand feet. But his case exemplifies the difference between Mr. Whympy and other ardent members of the Alpine Club, and Mr. Borrow's Spanish Alcalde, who had lived for forty years at the foot of a high hill without ever caring to go to the top for "prospects."

Mr. Burbidge's wanderings would have read much better had he thought fit to illustrate them by a map. He has given us some good sketches of scenery, of his favourite plants, and especially of the elk-horn fern, besides some aboriginals known as Jakuns or wild men, as repulsive in feature as such noble savages often are. After visiting Johore, the author went to Labuan and Brunei in Borneo; he then sailed to the small trading station of Sandakan and the Sulu isles, and he ended his tour by ascending the mountain of Kina Balu for the second time. In effecting these objects Mr. Burbidge encountered decided inconveniences and hardships sufficient to raise his journey out of the category of a mere tour. It must be admitted that he was exempt from some perils. There are no tigers in Borneo; wild elephants never molested the party; the relations with the natives were peaceful, and it is quite clear that a residence amongst Malays, Dyaks, and Dusuns would be attended with far less personal peril than a sojourn in Ireland at the present moment. But there were annoyances and pests which would have damped the ardour of a less sanguine naturalist; snakes and leeches abounded; rivers were full of alligators; excessive heat was often succeeded by cold and drenching showers; and the path of the explorers lay through sticky clay and streams soon converted into torrents and rivers which had to be forded or crossed on a buffalo's back. Repeatedly they arrived at a native hut wet to the skin. Now and then they had to sleep under an overhanging rock or a big tree with no other shelter but a waterproof covering. Once Mr. Burbidge and a companion were nearly carried away by the force of the current in a river with huge boulders and a slippery bed, and we are surprised as well as pleased to find that only once or twice did the author suffer from fever. Then, servants and porters who carried provisions as well as treasures culled from the jungle and the hillside and the skins of birds, refused to advance, or were perfectly useless when most needed—they shivered in the cold and had hardly energy left to make a fire and cook their food. However, with tins of chocolate, biscuits, rice, and fowls, the travellers were never brought down to starvation point. Native women were ready to sell them abundance of tropical fruits; solitary Englishmen, the pioneers of civilization, were only too glad to welcome the strangers; and while they could depend on a boiled fowl and a tin of Julienne soup at the close of a long day's trudge, they had no reason to envy the *dura ilia* of one of their guides, who roasted a wild cat and two rats and ate them with the liveliest satisfaction.

Not the least attractive part of the book is the visit to the Sulu Archipelago. An introduction to the Sultan led to an invitation to a boar-hunt. The animals were driven out of the jungle by beaters, as in parts of India, with the addition of dogs, and then ridden down by horsemen mounted on ponies and armed with hog-spears. Seventeen hogs were slaughtered in one day, but, though the animals charged once or twice, they seem to have been far inferior to the boar that tests the nerve of the rider over the stony hills of the Deccan or the alluvial flats of Eastern and Central Bengal. The Sulu women, including the Sultana, bestride their horses, have long black hair, and delight in yellow colours. The boar-hunt was followed by a dinner of snowy rice, fish, biscuits, boiled eggs, and curried fowl, excellently served up, with chocolate and brandy; and when the guests retired for the night, the ladies of the zenana indulged a pardonable curiosity by peeping in at them through an opening which led from the audience-chamber to the sleeping apartment. Slavery is still common in these islands, and most of the hard work is performed by women, who go to market and weave mats and baskets while the husbands gossip and lounge. We are rather gratified to hear that the capabilities of the largest island are in process of development by the Spaniards, who virtually rule there. Tobacco is grown largely, besides hemp, cocoa, and tapioca; and Mr. Burbidge saw coffee-plants apparently growing wild. A picture of a native craft displays the outrigger familiar to all who have visited Ceylon, but is more comfortable as it has a roof or covering to keep off the sun's rays. The visit ended with a trip to the interior and the ascent of the highest mountain of the island, not more than 3,000 ft. high, during which orchids, as usual, were gathered and pigeons were shot. We must not forget that our author is a zoologist as well as a botanist, and that he was always on the look-out for kingfishers and hornbills, eagles and fish-hawks, and golden plover and snipe. One sentence might lead one to imagine that Mr. Burbidge was careless in the handling of firearms, when he tells us that his servants who had lagged behind were guided to the resting-place by "the accidental discharge of our guns." From the context it is quite certain that the weapons were not let off by accident at all, but for the purpose of drying them, or, as we take it, to see if they would go off after a thorough good wetting. One or two other slight slips occur. The name of a Mahomedan lad should be Jallal-uddin, instead of Jeludin, though the latter may be a Malay

corruption, and when Mr. Burbidge accurately describes the planting out of the rice crop by hand and the careful weeding, he seems unaware that the process is identical with the transplanting of the late rice crop in some twenty or thirty large districts of the Bengal Presidency.

The second visit to Kina Balu, or the "Mountain of the Chinese Widow," had even more of adventure in it than the first. On the previous occasion the route by the Tawaran River was chosen; on the latter, the travellers went up the Tampassuk, which has a strong current and a bar at its mouth. Here they had a difficulty in getting guides, and it seems that previous expeditions have failed from want of a good understanding with the natives. Repeated wettings and nights passed before a wood fire, which was as welcome as if they had been up some mountain in Norway, were compensated by abundance of specimens, and we almost share Mr. Burbidge's emotions on breathing pure mountain air and seeing such remarkable forms of vegetable life as the *Nepenthes Raja* and the *Nepenthes Lowii* and *Edwardsiana*. The *N. Lowii*, we note, is the most singular of the whole group, having urns in the shape of a flagon, and of a hard leather-like consistence. The descent of this mountain was worse than the ascent. Boots split like brown paper; tumbles were frequent; and both Englishman and Malay were heartily glad when the trial of endurance was over. We doubt very much whether a perusal of this record will tempt any of our foremost artists to visit the tropics, as the author suggests, and sketch the delicate tracery of the *Nepenthes* palms. Indeed, Mr. Burbidge in one striking passage admits that in this gorgeous wealth of colour and vegetation he saw hardly anything to compare with heather and blue-bells and the buttercups and primroses of our pastures and woods. The burst of a temperate spring is wanting in the East. *Truditor folio* may be said with truth of the change of foliage. The eternal verdure is irritating. Leaves, except in some few cases, never fall from the trees, and the new shoots thrust out the last year's crop, giving it no time to wither and shrivel; and so we get tired of a landscape of perpetual sunshine, blossoms, and verdure. The only thing approaching to spring in the tropics is the beginning of the rainy season, when the dust accumulated in the hot weather is washed off by showers that last for six hours at the rate of half or three-quarters of an inch per hour.

This record of travel is fittingly supplemented by two chapters, one on fruits, and the other on outfit, health, clothing, and other points imperative for all who wish to explore with as much comfort as is possible where there are no roads, horses, or rest-houses for the weary. The list of fruits comprises some known in India, and others peculiar to the Malay peninsula. The mango, which in India comes to perfection in June, yields in Borneo two crops a year; and, like oranges, plantains, pine-apples, and pomelos, must be cultivated sedulously to be worth anything. But other fruits, the *durian*, *rambutan*, *jintawan*, and *lansat*, grow wild, or at any rate come to maturity without "culture," and apparently from sheer excess of "light." Mr. Burbidge agrees with other writers in describing the first named as a fruit with a foul smell and a fascinating taste; if, indeed, the palate can be fascinated by a combination of nectarines and pine-apples, old sherry and cheese, thick cream, apricot, and garlic. The *durian* will not stand a voyage, or it would, like the mangosteen, find its way to Madras and Calcutta. The author justly extols the six segments of white round pulp, which come out of a dark red leathery rind. He adds that the rind of the mangosteen, when dried, has proved of great service in cases of dysentery. The *rambutan* grows in hairy clusters, and discloses an edible pulp of the consistency of jelly with a sub-acid flavour. The *jintawan* is of the size of an orange; and there are other fruits spoken of as acidulous, refreshing, juicy, and eaten by natives in large quantities. The plantain which in the West Indies becomes the banana, is known as the *pisang* in Singapore and Borneo. Mr. Burbidge's hints and warnings to travellers who are liable to drink bad water or to be drenched by heavy rains come with all the weight of one who stayed more than a year in Borneo and picked up a good deal of the language. Flannel next the skin, chlorodyne as a remedy for cholera, and quinine for fever, are his golden rules. We are rather surprised that he did not carry a mosquito-net of green muslin, as he seems to have passed restless nights owing to those insatiable little pests. Moreover, the texture of such a net tends to keep out malaria. Bathing seems to have been a favourite resource, and we should recommend other travellers to follow the author in his precepts rather than his practice, for he indulged in a cold bath when his other remedy of a rub-down with a wet towel would have been attended with less risk. His list of articles for presents to natives or to be bartered for necessities is well selected. Tribes in the interior of the islands are still moneyless, and will take knives and looking-glasses and white and grey shirting, but seem most influenced by ammunition and muskets. A few hints are thrown out as to colonization, but they are more calculated to repel than to invite. There is some good land, with a fair climate, on the lower slopes of Kina Balu, but the rivers are mostly shallow and unfit for navigation, and Borneo is rather out of the highway of commerce. It will be time enough to look out for spare land near Brunei when Johore, Perak, and Queddah have been fully explored. An English Company formed to colonize the northern part of Borneo may possibly calculate on diverting some of the capital which is driven away from Ireland. Up to the present time a Bornean Malay is said to live by lying and thieving; but Mr. Burbidge was never shot at nor had he any difficulty in getting supplies. On one oc-

casion the supposed murderers of a Chinese trader were put to death by the garotte, and when a gold watch and a revolver were stolen from a ship, the goods were recovered and the thieves were punished by the loss of one of their hands—much to the regret of the prosecutors, who had not contemplated or desired such a forcible mode of coercion.

The book would have been better for the addition of the vernacular or common terms for the birds and the botanical specimens, which are literally shrouded in impenetrable folds of learned technicality. But the author is never facetious, funny, or obtrusive; the dedication in the title-page is simple and graceful; and not every one undertaking a toilsome journey for purely scientific objects could have told so much in addition without ever losing sight of his main purpose.

#### MRS. OLIPHANT'S CERVANTES.\*

THIS is the eminently readable sort of work which a novelist of Mrs. Oliphant's skill could scarcely fail to make out of so good a subject as the Life of Cervantes. The story flows easily along, and the character of the hero is clearly conceived and consistent throughout. The biographical part has all the charm and dramatic colour of a novel, more particularly the years of Algerine captivity, which indeed lend themselves to such treatment. The purely literary and critical portion is less happy. The sketches of Cervantes's different works might very well, to our mind, have been omitted, or replaced by general criticism of his method. If the object of the author is to enable the general reader to feel, and on occasion to talk, as if he knew something about works into which he has never even dipped, these sketches are no doubt useful. But perhaps this habit does not stand in need of further encouragement. Yet it is hard to see what other purpose can be served by devoting half of a small page to an account of *La Ilustre Fregona*, as if it were a new Christmas story, and not part of the work of a man who has been a European classic for centuries. And it is impossible for Mrs. Oliphant to do more for his numerous minor works. The inevitable result of this is that the sketches are in many cases quite insufficient, and particularly so in the case of the best works. It is always the character and the thought—things which no sketch can even feebly render—which are the real matters of interest in Cervantes, and the points in which he most differs from his countrymen, with whom incident and situation are everything. Many of his so-called stories—the *Novelas Ejemplares*—are treatises or satires. There is no means of making writings of this class known to people who have not read them except by copious quotation, and from that Mrs. Oliphant is debarred by the limited space at her command. Neither do we think she is always very happy in the passages she does select for quotation. In her account, for instance, of the *Coloquio de los dos Perros* she quotes at length the somewhat commonplace criticism on pastoral stories, but does not tell the English reader that in this satirical dialogue Cervantes calls loudly for the expulsion of the Moriscos. He attacks them bitterly as a breed of vipers which Spain is nourishing to her own destruction, and hounds his countrymen on to massacre and robbery by holding up the unhappy Morisco as a usurer. We are of opinion that Mrs. Oliphant should have mentioned this fact when arguing against those biographers who have supposed that Cervantes meant to protest against the *autos de fé* in his *Trato de Argel*. But apparently Mrs. Oliphant is no more able than most other biographers to understand that Cervantes was a Spanish gentleman of the sixteenth century, and shared the common hatred of infidels and admiration for the Inquisition. The citation of this passage is partly due also to a theory which Mrs. Oliphant has adopted in a modified form from the French of M. Emile Chasles, and which we will refer to further on. One more criticism is irresistibly suggested by the literary passages of the book. The attempt to convey some idea of *Don Quixote* by two sketchy chapters and a few quotations reaches absurdity. Of all books that ever were written, this is the one in which mere incident is of least importance. Its true charm lies in the endless talks of the Don with Sancho, and the admirable way in which their every thought and action follows naturally from the cupidity of the one and the craze of the other. Mrs. Oliphant's two chapters will be found to be full of suggestions by the reader who brings with him an intimate knowledge of Cervantes; but they will generally be utilized as "cram" by those who are too lazy to read for themselves.

The value of Mrs. Oliphant's criticisms of Cervantes depends very much on the worth of certain theories which she has accepted as to his intentions. We believe these theories to be the results of mere perverse ingenuity. A countryman of Cervantes, the Prince of Borja, laid it down as a general principle that an author's worst enemy is a learned commentator, and, although he was thinking at the moment of Don Luis de Gongora, his dictum applies equally well to the author of *Don Quixote*. Commentators and translators innumerable have undertaken to show that they alone have read the secret meaning of Cervantes; or, worse still, that they knew it better than he did himself. The last, perhaps the most ingenious, and certainly the most readable, of them is M. Emile Chasles, to whom Mrs. Oliphant owes the materials of her little book. We say this advisedly, and almost on her own autho-

riety. She cites nobody else, save when she once or twice names Spaniards quoted by M. Chasles, and Ticknor once; almost all her quotations from the smaller works are to be found extracted and translated in him; and finally she accepts his theories, not indeed wholly, but substantially. Before going further, we would venture to express a doubt how far Mrs. Oliphant knows Spanish. She continually says *auto de fé* instead of *de fé* (a very favourite slip of M. Chasles's), and then she calls the wife of Cervantes Catalina de Palazos y Salazar y Vozmediano. The lady's name was Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, and the form given to it by Mrs. Oliphant is in any case impossible. She extracts the French biographer's description of Cervantes's house at Valladolid, and explains his inaccurate rendering of the word "cantarera" by saying that it is, "in homely English, a sink." In point of fact, it is a shelf, pierced with holes, in which to place the *cantaros*, or earthen water-jars. These mistakes may appear very trifling, but they are such as no one possessing an accurate knowledge of Castilian would make. It is disappointing to find these and similar errors, and curious that they should be errors already made by M. Emile Chasles. Whatever may be Mrs. Oliphant's knowledge of Spanish, she has only too obviously no knowledge of the Spain of the sixteenth century, its people, its beliefs, or, apart from *Don Quixote*, of its literature.

M. Chasles, who, as we have already said, is originally responsible for Mrs. Oliphant's opinions, is one of those vastly ingenious critics who cannot persuade themselves that so great a writer as Cervantes could content himself with merely writing a story and drawing a character. He must have had some hidden meaning. That Cervantes, being a young married man of very narrow means, should have tried to make money by writing for the stage, and should utilize his personal experience as other men have done, would appear to M. Chasles a totally inadequate, and indeed vulgar, explanation. The *Trato de Argel* was written to persuade Philip II. to make a crusade, the *Baños de Argel* to show how the Oriental harem degrades woman—and so on. In short, Cervantes is subjected to a process of mystic interpretation, with the usual results. Mrs. Oliphant is very far from allowing herself to be run away with by theories in this way. She has clearly felt that M. Chasles was too ingenious to be trustworthy, but her work is so obviously founded on his that it shows numerous traces of his influence. She speaks of Cervantes as landing from his captivity burning, not indeed to preach a crusade, but to rouse his countrymen to some effort on behalf of the unhappy captives he had left in Algiers. Nobody will doubt that Cervantes felt keenly for those who were still suffering, with less lofty courage to support them, the miseries that he himself had gone through. Probably he had some hope that the *Trato de Argel* might be of use to them; but it is impossible to believe that he came back to Spain to begin any such literary war. For the first years after his return he was serving in his former "tercio," and he began by writing the *Galatea*, a pastoral which shows, scarcely a trace of his personal experiences. It is worthy of notice that Mrs. Oliphant does not seem aware that this work is only one of a hundred imitations of the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, which was itself inspired by the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro. Had Mrs. Oliphant indeed treated Cervantes throughout less as if he stood entirely alone, she would have avoided many mistakes. It is, for instance, an utter error to suppose that he was the only Spanish dramatic writer who opposed the development that Lope de Vega gave to the Spanish stage. Cervantes must have been acquainted with the writings of Virues and L. L. de Argensola. It is obvious that he aimed at giving what he thought was a strictly classical form to the drama; he wanted to make it instructive, and his audience wanted it to be amusing. Lope de Vega made it so, and reaped the reward he deserved. This brilliant playwright is far too lightly spoken of by Mrs. Oliphant. He is by no means the merely amusing writer she seems to think, and more than one of his pieces—notably the *Estrella de Sevilla*—has far more real tragic power than all the heaped-up horrors of the *Numancia*. This work Mrs. Oliphant thinks was written to excite a patriotic pride among the Spaniards. It would be far nearer the truth to say that it was written to flatter the already existing passion. But there is no need to suppose that Cervantes did other than give expression in his way to the intense and aggressive national pride which he shared with his countrymen. He failed as a writer for the stage, and deserved to fail, for his pieces, in spite of powerful passages of declamation, are, as plays, very poor.

Of course Mrs. Oliphant has not escaped the temptation to explain *Don Quixote*. It follows from what we have already said that she does not fall into the mistake of supposing it to be a political or social allegory, but her explanation is not much more acceptable. Put briefly, it is that while writing this masterpiece Cervantes was laughing at the follies he himself had committed in his salad days. A similar interpretation is given to Berganza's criticism of pastoral poetry in the *Don Perros*; and yet the last work on which Cervantes was engaged was in fact a tale of chivalry, and from his deathbed he announced his intention of continuing the *Galatea*. Anything would seem to be more credible to the biographers and commentators of Cervantes than that he knew his own mind. Except for those who have a theory to maintain, it would seem intelligible enough that a work which began as a mere *jeu d'esprit* grew on the hands of its author. There is abundant internal evidence that the intentions of the author underwent a thorough change at least once in the course of the work. He began with the intention of ridiculing the books of chivalry—which had been a general object of ridicule

\* *Cervantes*. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

for a long time—he found that he had created a character, and then saw that he could group round it a whole world of others, and make it a vehicle for his own wit and wisdom and knowledge of men. When he refers to himself it is with an outspoken manly frankness which was too proud to use a veil. By attributing other motives to him, and particularly by accusing him of a probing self-consciousness utterly unlike the man and the time, we take away from the credit due to his art. Of all Spaniards he was the least self-conscious, the most humble-minded, and the most ready to study nature. Therefore, during the greater part of his life he was content to tread in the footsteps of other and lesser men; and also, therefore, the fruit of his ripe experience is the one work in their literature which is of universal interest. There is something almost ironical in the fact that, though he knew *Don Quixote* to be a great work, he thought the *Persiles y Sigismunda* a greater. Mrs. Oliphant talks of the critics who admire this work as showing the “perverse preference of the small to the great, which is the temptation of the critic.” In point of fact, the only critic who has ever done so was Miguel de Cervantes, who, like Milton in a similar case, had that prejudice, and had it to himself. What the Spanish Cervantistas, with whom we could wish Mrs. Oliphant had a closer acquaintance, have done is to consider the mere style as superior to that of the *Quixote*. And on such a question they are the only competent judges.

#### UNDER ST. PAUL'S.\*

THE scene of Mr. Dowling's romance is laid in a private hotel hard by the Cathedral of St. Paul's. The hero, George Osborne, was a broad-chested, good-looking, fair-haired young man, with steadfast blue eyes, who had lately come into a property worth 1,500*l.* a year. These qualifications, though important in themselves, are not enough to make a hero for Mr. Dowling. But Osborne was as great a master of rant as if he had got off by heart all our author's novels. For the first twenty-eight years of his life he had lived at Stratford-on-Avon, and had never visited London till the reader makes his acquaintance in the dining-room of the private hotel. Yet his talk is about anything but oxen. Not even once did he care to ask “how a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair.” He was, Mr. Dowling assures us, of a poetical turn of mind. He certainly very often does not talk prose, no more than do the unhappy inmates of a madhouse. It would be hard to believe that a country-bred young man could talk the rubbish that Osborne talks did we not remember how widely the English of the modern novel is spread by our circulating libraries. Even silliness will before long boast of no varieties in England, and the folly of the country will be in all respects the same as the folly of the town. It may be some advantage to fools to be all on one and the same dead level; but those who find some relief in laughing at them will soon have to own that life has become duller than ever. To them Mudie will have done an irreparable injury. We cannot then feel sure that our author wanders far from nature when he represents his Warwickshire hero, in his first days under St. Paul's, talking the rant of the town. We have, however, some right to complain when he gives us three whole volumes of his high-flown rubbish. There is a limit to human endurance. Even your dentist does not attempt to stop all your teeth in one day; but, after an hour or two, lets off the sufferer for a time. Our author would surely do well to follow this good example, and to inflict on his readers not more than a single volume of rant for each story. He may, however, have his admirers, who like his writings so well that they are not satisfied unless they receive a liberal supply. At all events, he should bear in mind his unhappy critics; if he does not, he must not complain when he finds that they can never read one of his novels without flying into a rage.

At the dinner-table in the hotel was a dark-eyed girl, at whom the hero glanced now and then; but when she looked at him, he looked down. Once he came very near to speaking to her. “He cleared his throat, grew red in the face, cleared his throat again, dropped his eyes to his plate, grew still redder, and resumed eating his fish.” These, as the experienced reader well knows, are the signs of a countryman when he is falling into love. So far Mr. Dowling's hero is in keeping with his rustic training. It is only when he opens his mouth that his disguise is at once seen through. The dark-eyed girl, of course, turns out to be the heroine. She might have been thought to be only a chance acquaintance who would open the story were it not for the colour of her eyes. The hero's were blue, as we have said. Such being the case, in accordance with an invariable law, the heroine's were bound to be dark. This young lady—Miss Gordon by name—was anything but shy. She had travelled a great deal, and, as William Nevill—the second hero—justly remarked, was as cosmopolitan as himself. After dinner she confused the hero by asking him what it was that he had been going to say. The very thought that she was curious to know what he had been about to say “flushed him, and made the blood at his wrists tingle. It confused his head, and took his intellect away.” Unfortunately, this was in the first chapter of the first volume, and for all we can see his intellect never returns. Why, by the way, was it at his wrists

that the blood was made to tingle? Into such details as this the novelists of the present day are very fond of entering. It is supposed to show, we believe, a deep study either of their own frames or of physiology in general. But to return to our hero. Deprived of his intellect, he could give no answer to the question, and so went out for a walk. He went on to one of the bridges, where he paused, and said to himself, “What perfume of romance have I drunk that she should make me mad?” As the chapter thereupon ends, there is no answer given to the question; but when we turn over the page we find him still on the bridge, and indulging in a soliloquy that fills a good many pages. “Greater England,” he tells himself, “is my father, but this London is my most beloved sister, of whom I am proud.” He had already visited, he goes on to say, just as if he were a railway-porter bidding passengers take their places, “Birmingham, Coventry, Wolverhampton, Leamington, Warwick, Oxford, Lichfield, Burton, Leicester; but all put together do not equal London.” He then comes back to the young lady of the dark eyes, and proclaims that he has a splendid madness upon him. “I do not want her love. I want only the image as I see it. He [by *Ac* is meant William Nevill, a supposed rival] may marry her if he will. I shall never try. I have her image, and neither tyrant nor thief can take that away from me.” He forms a bold resolution, and says that he will “take chambers, and live alone, that is unless I marry.” He walks off the bridge, and straightway lifts up his voice against Sunday traffic. “It ought to be stopped. It could be stopped by law, and it ought to be stopped. Why is it not stopped?” He is, indeed, fond of asking questions, to which he gives no answers. In this he reminds us of a servant-man in our schoolboy days, who was once overheard saying to himself, “Young gentlemen calls me Peter. My name is William. How comes this 'ere?” Without a pause the hero resumes his soliloquy by saying, “This is Blackfriars Road. It leads into St. George's Circus, I know from maps, but how different these places are from what I fancied.” What, we should very much like to know, is the fancy that a blue-eyed, fair-haired, poetical countryman forms to himself of Blackfriars Road? He goes on, and presently exclaims, “It is cold. What an idiot I was to come without an overcoat!” A little way further down he takes a whole line to exclaim, “It is chilly.” He presently finds himself at Westminster Bridge, where he declares that the Thames is not only “an imperial highway to the sea,” but is also “the most important piece of water in the world, except the Jordan.” From *imperial to important* seems such a downfall in words as can only be matched in the language of an auctioneer. He returns to the hotel and is shocked by the heroine's flippancy. “I am so glad,” she says to him, “you have come back to flirt with me.” Well might he think to himself, “What, his divinity speaks thus! Monstrous!” To her he let his thoughts appear only by his manner and his reply. “Shall I light the gas for you, Miss Gordon?” he asked in a cold formal tone. She goes on from bad to worse till he has sadly to allow to himself that she was no longer an enigma or a mystery, but an ascertained certainty, a denounced deception.

In the third chapter she goes out with him for a walk in “a velvet-hat, a full vermilion, with black lace.” He is at once at his old trick of asking himself questions. “What was she really?” This time he does not leave the readers in perplexity, for the beautiful hat, apparently, helped him out of his difficulty. “There was one obvious answer—the most beautiful woman he had ever seen!” They walk round St. Paul's. The better side of her nature was soon seen. The expression of her face changed, and she sighed. He begins to summon up a little power of speaking. “You look your loveliest now,” he said. He thought: “Mad or drunk, or mad and drunk, what can I do?” They begin to talk seriously. She said:—

“Suppose I made up my mind to take a rest, and think seriously of serious things, would you advise me to settle in the country or town?”

He stopped suddenly, raised his right arm, and made a slow gesture round. “What place can you find better than here?” Throwing up his arm to its full height from his shoulder, he added: “Under St. Paul's.”

Matters now go on very rapidly, and he proposes to her in a hansom cab. She says she must take a month to consider, and begs him to send for his sister Kate. This young lady was really much needed, as the heroine had no confidante, and the second hero had no second heroine. With Kate William Nevill at once fell in love, though her brother did not discover it. He still suspected that he was his rival with the dark-eyed girl. The young men on one occasion get confused in their talk through their speaking each of his lady-love as *she*. The confusion and the chapter are thus brought to a very striking end. “Of whom are you speaking?” asked Osborne. “Your sister.” The two men stood staring mutely into one another's eyes.

The heroine's flippancy is still a great trial to the hero, who, in spite of his turn for rant, was really a highly respectable character. However, she begins to steady down. She goes to a concert. She hears a well-known song. “While she listens she was conscious of some mighty upheaval of her nature. . . . She heard the rumble of some noble thought, but could not figure to her mind its appearance. She knew something great was at hand.” That night she did not go to bed, but sat up in her room motionless as if she still heard “the rumble of the approaching revelation.” Her moral nature is rapidly changed. Under the hero's guidance she even becomes an orthodox member of the Church of England. By this time they were betrothed. Still, he remembers that he may die, and she become a widow.

\* *Under St. Paul's. A Romance.* By Richard Dowling, Author of “The Mystery of Killard,” “The Weird Sisters,” “The Sport of Fate,” &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1880.

Widows too often marry again, and for her second husband she might have a Dissenter, or even something worse. He makes her take a solemn vow that she will marry no man who does not belong to the faith of the Church. Unhappily for himself, he attends a meeting of the Prehistoric Society, and hears a lecture that was anything but orthodox. Some one lends him a book on Man. He reads it. He exclaims, "What monstrous blasphemy! Man the accidental descendant of the ape! Why is not this book burned by the common hangman?" He has thereupon a dreadful dream and a vision, which together fill thirty-eight pages. He wakes up to find that he had slept more than an hour without coat, waistcoat, or boots. "He put on his coat, waistcoat, and boots. He was low and wretched." A day or two afterwards, he sets out on a wild walk without his breakfast. After some hours, with "an inward shudder," he finds himself at the Zoological Gardens. He goes in, and sees the monkeys. One of the keepers offers to show him some curious animals. He mistook them for negroes; but here we shall let our author speak for himself:—

"In the name of God, then, what are they?"  
"Chimpanzees."

Those ruins of the old faith were no longer lifeless. Now over them leaped and bounded ten thousand forms of loathsome brutes. They leaped and danced, and howled and screamed and yelled. They grinned at him and grimaced. They took up the relics of that sacred palace, that holy fane, and smashed and tore and cast them about.

He rushes out of the gardens, and, exclaiming, "On, in God's name, on!" goes along "Bride Street, Albion Road, Holloway Road, St. Paul's Road, Grosvenor Road, Newington Green Road, Albion Road, Albion Grove, Victoria Road, Church Road." He has by this time ceased to be orthodox. "I belong," he says, "to no Church. I have lost my faith." Of course he cannot keep the heroine to her promise to marry him. It is not at all wonderful that in the last line of the second volume she shuddered.

Everything of course turns out happily at the end, but it is not till the close of the third volume that the difficulties are overcome. We had not patience enough to follow the hero through all his perplexities, for his rant at times became overpowering. We were satisfied with knowing that we had not to take leave of him as an heretical and most melancholy bachelor, rushing wildly along all the roads mentioned in the London Directory. He is last seen by the reader spending his honeymoon in that most quiet, respectable, and orthodox among sea-side towns—Bournemouth.

#### ILIOS.\*

**ILIOS** is perhaps the worst arranged book that ever came under our notice. Admirable as a discoverer, a digger, a diviner of ancient sites, Dr. Schliemann is an astonishingly bad writer. We gratefully acknowledge the intensity of his love of Homer, and his invaluable services to archaeology. But, when he writes a book, Dr. Schliemann exhibits himself as a most inconsistent reasoner, and withal as a wordy, unstable person who does not know his own mind. We do not find fault with Dr. Schliemann for not being an accomplished scholar or a trained archaeologist. He is something better; he is a man of real genius. No one but a genius could have lived the life Dr. Schliemann describes in his autobiography, keeping always before his eyes the ideal of Homeric research. This journal has not been grudging in its welcome of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries; but his discoveries are one thing and his new book quite another. It is necessary to speak quite plainly, because the volume has been praised as an example of argument and arrangement. Before we have done with it, we think that Dr. Schliemann's claims to these merits will be exploded. But first we must admit that Dr. Schliemann has hardly given himself a fair chance as a writer. He is entangled helplessly in the ranks of his allies and camp-followers.

Agamemnon scarcely brought more allies to the siege than Dr. Schliemann leads to the "discovery" of Troy. The list of scientific names in his title-page reminds one of the "Catalogue of the Ships," otherwise called the "Bootin," by the ancients. Dr. Schliemann has received notes from his friends, notes on various topics, and he casts them down very much at random in the pages of *Ilios*. One short letter of Professor Sayce's, about an emblem near the image of Niobe (who does not wear turned-up-toed boots after all), is quoted twice by Dr. Schliemann in different parts of his volume. Prince Bismarck is quoted as to the Trojan manner of making big pipkins, which pipkins, by the way, are like those used before the arrival of Europeans by the natives of New Caledonia. There are long digressions about the *avastika*, concerning which we wish we had space to say many things. There are pages upon pages from the *Times* about the bits of jade, in face of which Professor Max Müller had a "feeling of giddiness," because he recognized in the chips the portable property of our Aryan ancestors. One of Dr. Schliemann's advisers, Professor Maskelyne, takes the view advocated in these columns, that the jade arrived in the West by way of early commerce. But these digressions tempt us to digress by the force of bad example, and

our object is to show the condition of Dr. Schliemann's mind as to the significance of the objects he has discovered.

First, we must ask, What are these discoveries? To this there is a ready answer in the preface, and other scattered contributions of Professor Virchow, who has visited the excavations. First, then, on the surface of the eminence of Hissarlik are remains of the date of the third century after Christ. From twenty to thirty feet beneath his *stratum* after *stratum* of relics of human existence. These *strata* are each said, by Dr. Schliemann and Herr Virchow (with a protest), to represent a "city," though the term city might just as well be applied, on Professor Virchow's own showing (p. 314), to a collection of the huts of the existing peasantry in the Troad. Among these *strata* the third, at the depth of thirty feet or more, shows signs of having been consumed by fire, and this *stratum* Dr. Schliemann and Herr Virchow both call Ilium. And this is the point where a fallacy makes its appearance. It was natural enough that Dr. Schliemann, in the excitement of discovering the pots, plates, cups, and ornaments lately exhibited at South Kensington, should have identified the barbaric dwellings with the Ilios of Homer. He found Homeric palaces, the Scæan gates, the treasures of Priam, and heaven knows how many other relics of Troy. But Dr. Schliemann has grown partially wiser. He knows, when he stops to think about it, that the burnt village is not Homer's Ilios. He knows that Homer described the civilization of an age infinitely more advanced. Thus (p. 517) he writes, "I wish I could have proved Homer to have been an eyewitness of the Trojan war. Alas! I cannot do it." Yet time after time he uses Homer as if he had been an eyewitness or had lived in an age of similar civilization. Dr. Schliemann does not know his own mind. On p. 517 he admits that swords were of universal use in Homer's time, and that iron was known, "whereas they were totally unknown at Troy. Besides, the civilization he describes is later by centuries than that which I have brought to light in the excavations." A more cautious archaeologist would not, of course, have said "later," but "more advanced." It may be maintained that the remains at Hissarlik are Celtic or Galatian relics, much later in time than the Homeric age, though much more backward in culture. We do not ourselves hold that opinion, but there is nothing in it inconsistent with possibility. Degenerate or undeveloped races succeed races comparatively advanced, and this might conceivably have occurred in the Troad. But to return to Dr. Schliemann. While he admits that Homer spoke of facts only as tradition instructed him, and introduced the manners and civilization of an advanced age into the story of distant times, he still persistently uses Homer as an eyewitness or as a contemporary. If he does not mean Homer to be an eyewitness or a poet living in a contemporary civilization, why does he choose words out of Homeric epics to apply to the relics of the burned town? A gold ornament Dr. Schliemann styles *πλεκη ἀναδίστη*; a cup is *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*; and the gold earrings with pendants are *θύσανοι*. Where is the point in using Homeric names for articles which Homer, by Dr. Schliemann's own admission, is likely to have known nothing about? Any other Greek names would have answered as well. Dr. Schliemann actually says:—"If, in spite of its exhaustion by a long process of siege, the third city of Hissarlik was still so rich that I could find in it ten treasures, this is an additional proof of its identity with the poet's Ilios." This is the very point which Dr. Schliemann admits that he cannot prove. But, on the very next page, Dr. Schliemann says it is probable that, if Homer ever visited Hissarlik, he found the *Æolie Ilium* already long established, with two, or perhaps three, cities buried and forgotten between it and "the Homeric Ilios." How is one to argue with a writer so reckless as Dr. Schliemann? He appears to imagine that minute points of history would remain in tradition, and that the technical terms for certain ornaments and utensils would abide unchanged while four cities of men arose each on the ruins of the other! It is another question entirely when Dr. Schliemann uses his so-called "owl-headed idols" and jars to explain the Homeric epithet *γλαυκῶπις*. If ever *γλαυκῶπις* was a ritual word, meaning "owl-headed," it might have survived in poetical language long after its significance was lost. Again, as the oldest image of Demeter was certainly horse-headed, there would have been nothing remarkable in an image of Athene with the lineaments of her favourite bird. In most early religions we find gods of this sort. Where an anthropomorphic god succeeded to a totem, or a number of totems, it was natural that he should retain some of the attributes of the creatures whom he superseded. Professor Otto Keller, one of Dr. Schliemann's countless allies, speaks of the "non-Hellenic attribute of the mouse," which was sacred to Apollo Smintheus. He adds, with the easy complacency of his school, "the mouse loves the heat of the sun, and so it prospers under the rays of Phoebus Apollo." The hippopotamus loves the rays of the sun, so does the cat, so does the dog and the kangaroo. The house-mouse sees less of the sun than any of these animals. The fact is that every great god in the Greek Olympus has his animal attributes and animal forms. The tribes that had claimed descent from the bear, wolf, bull, cow, and so on, came to suppose that the she-bear, the wolf, the bull, the cow were Artemis, or Apollo, or Zeus, or Hera, in animal shape. These ideas, though historically demonstrable, have no place in the philosophy of Dr. Schliemann and his allies. We have no objection to an owl-headed Athene. But we do object to Dr. Schliemann's method when he calls the rude beginnings of representations of the human features "owl-heads," and when he calls primitive net-sinkers

\* *Ilios: the City and Country of the Trojans; the Results of Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871-72-73-74-75*. Including a Biography of the Author, by Dr. Henry Schliemann, F.S.A., F.R.I. British Architects, Author of "Troy and its Remains," "Mycenæ," &c. With a Preface, Appendices, and Notes. By Professors Rudolf Virchow, Max Müller, A. H. Sayce, J. P. Mahaffy, H. Brugsch Bey, P. Ascherson, M. A. Postolocan, M. E. Burnouf, Mr. F. Calvert, and Mr. A. J. Duffield. With Maps, Plans, and about 1,800 Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1880.

"owl-headed idols." Last summer an American student from Ohio visited Dr. Schliemann's collection, and in his "owl-headed idols" detected the little weights of stone which are commonly found on the banks of American streams, and are relics of the Red Indians, or some other race of men who weighted their nets with these objects. In this big book of Dr. Schliemann's, a reply to the sceptical American may possibly exist, but we have not detected its presence.

The owl-headed goddess has led us away from Dr. Schliemann's permanent intellectual muddle. We have seen that, in his opinion, Homer visited Hissarlik, if he visited it at all, when three or four later cities covered the Ilios of the great leaguer. By that time we may presume that the manner of funeral rites may have changed since the burnt city fell. Indeed, on Dr. Schliemann's own theory, this must have been the case, for the mode of burial of the royal dead at Mycenæ was absolutely unlike the frequently described funeral rites of the epics. Dr. Schliemann says (p. 517) that Homer "clothes the traditional facts of the war and destruction of Troy in the garb of his own day." Very well, then his account of the burial of Patroclus and Achilles cannot be evidence as to the real funeral of these heroes, supposing that they ever existed. We might as well look for ancient British customs in Malory's account of the burial of Launcelot. But Dr. Schliemann is so illogical and inconsistent as to use Homer actually, one may say, as an eyewitness when he discusses the funeral of Patroclus. Homer does not actually say that the ashes of the hero were deposited in his tumulus. "Had it been deposited, or had it been destined to be deposited, Homer would not have kept back from us the important fact. Consequently the tumulus of Patroclus was a mere cenotaph" (p. 649). But, as Homer lived after four new cities in succession covered the ashes of Ilios, what value can his evidence have on a point of this kind? It could only be valuable if Homer had either fought under Troy, or conversed with Achæans, who did fight on the plains. Otherwise, and especially by Dr. Schliemann's own showing, it is worthless. In this same passage the Doctor wildly declares that the twenty-fourth book of each epic are "universally acknowledged to be later additions." The Alexandrian critics, or some of them, doubted the authenticity of the twenty-fourth book of the *Odyssey*, chiefly for a reason which is now seen to prove rather the authenticity than the late character of the rhapsody. As to the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad*, we refer Dr. Schliemann to the *scholia*. They sufficiently disprove his statement that it is "universally acknowledged to be a late addition." We have read some such opinion, advanced by Professor Sayce, in the Proceedings of the Oxford Philological Society. But Professor Sayce is not everybody, and only if he were everybody could Dr. Schliemann speak with truth about the universality of the belief that the book is late and spurious. Lastly, if it is late, and if it is spurious, and if the poet, as Professor Sayce seems to hold, knew nothing of the geography of the Troad, why does Dr. Schliemann use the twenty-fourth book as good geographical evidence about the Troad when it agrees with his ideas (p. 92)? With this final and, we hope, conclusive example of the muddled state of Dr. Schliemann's mind, we leave his work, with a well-deserved compliment to the illustrations, to its repose.

#### CAUSERIES FLORENTINES.\*

M. KLACZKO may be congratulated upon a field of interest and pursuits so wide that he can turn from the *Two Chancellors* to such subjects as those with which he deals in the present volume. The names of Bismarck and Gortchakoff suggest very different associations from those which are connected with Dante, Petrarch, and Michael Angelo. But the writer who so recently was exploring the highways and byways of Russian and German policy now takes his pleasure in cantering over the ever new pastures of Italian poetry and art, and has produced a very readable and agreeable volume. The machinery so often employed for conveying opinions so as to represent some variety of conclusion is not very happily managed. A select party of interlocutors is supposed to assemble at the villa of a lady in the environs of Florence, and to instruct and amuse each other in a series of conversations. The device is an old one, and there is little attempt to give an air of *vraisemblance* to the proceedings. Some of the speakers prelect for pages in succession, and are only interrupted by another speaker interposing with a quotation which might just as well have been made by the personage in possession of the ear of the company. No one will be surprised that the book opens with a visit to the Bargello, and a discussion upon the well-known fresco portrait of Dante. Thence the party adjourns to the villa of the Countess, and the talk begins by her asking if any one can explain the "tragedy" of Dante. This kind of aiming at the novel and unexpected is perhaps rather too frequently repeated. Because the poet's great work was called by himself a "Commedia," and has ever since borne that name, coupled with the adjective which he could hardly have used himself, but which to modern thought serves to qualify his own part in the title, it is imagined that a point can be made by calling his life a Tragedy—which it is not, any more than his poem is a Comedy, in the present sense of the word. Then a question is made whether the self-imposed exile of Byron from his own country may not be compared in its sufferings and bitterness with that of the great Florentine

partisan; while Milton, Cervantes, and Tasso are also cited as instances of poets who were unfortunate in the circumstances of their lives. Michael Angelo is named as the only other person in the domain of art who has exercised the same fascination of agony upon the world; and a somewhat elaborate comparison between the two Florentines follows. Both, no doubt, had misfortunes in their lives, and both were great artists; but it does not require any long consideration of the career of the two men to see how entirely different were the nature and the causes of their respective troubles. Neither can it be affirmed with truth that the painter drew his inspiration from the poet; and on this point M. Klaczko has placed some excellent disquisition in the mouth of one of his speakers, and well describes the very different positions which the two occupied in the history of literature and art. Michael Angelo stands apart from all other painters of his time in breaking away from the traditions of Christian art; he resorted to the Old Testament for his subjects rather than to the New; he placed no aureoles round the heads of his sacred personages, and clothed none of his figures with wings; he mingled sacred and classical associations; but not, as Dante did, in equal reverence for the accepted traditions of both. The poet accepted the Church as he found it, only desiring to confine it to what he held to be its proper spiritual functions; he did not venture to question the authority of Aristotle and the Schoolmen, and transferred to his verse the theology and logic of Thomas Aquinas. To him Charon and the Furies and the other tormentors and characters of Virgil's infernal regions were as real as the beings whom he introduced from Sacred Writ and the hagiology of the Catholic Church. The painter was vague and impersonal; his cartoon of the "Battle of Pisa" is a study of soldiers surprised in bathing, in attitudes arranged so as to develop their designer's consummate knowledge of the human form in muscular action; but it has no special relation to the time or place of the victory the memory of which it was commissioned to perpetuate. He scorned to preserve a likeness to the originals of his iconic statues, alleging that it was his business to create great works of art, and that to posterity it would be all the same whether they resembled their originals or not. Dante, on the other hand, is precise, real, and personal. The *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* are planned and mapped to scale, as accurately as if the work had been, as to its dimensions, executed by a professional surveyor. Time is as carefully observed in the progress of the poem as is space in laying down the stage and erecting the scenery of its action. Every person mentioned is one and individual—the very same man in his place of torment or purgation that his fellow-citizens had been accustomed to meet and converse with on the banks of the Arno, or as he was known in history or literature. Everything is exact, nothing is general.

One is less disposed to agree in the writer's opinions when he declares, or at least makes one of his supposed guests declare, that the decline of art down to the days of Caracci, Guercino, Domenichino, and so forth, was a consequence of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." In the development of all things there is a succession of stages, which may generally be considered as leading up to the highest perfection of which a thing is capable, and falling away again from this to a condition of greater or less inferiority, ending with the cessation of existence. This is the case with races of animals and plants, as well as with single specimens of those races; with nations and political constitutions no less than with individuals; and it is also the case with literature and art. To fix the point of culmination in art has always been more difficult than to determine it in the history of literature. Noblemen and gentlemen who made the grand tour in the last century would bring home with infinite satisfaction Carlo Dolci and Carlo Maratta, as the finest examples of Italian art, and would indeed have been surprised to hear of a preference for pre-Raffaellistic pictures; but to pronounce that Michael Angelo wrote the *Mene Tekel* of the Renaissance on the walls of the Sistine Chapel is to say that which will hardly obtain much assent, and perhaps was not intended to do so.

It is interesting to observe the way in which an acquaintance with English literature, no less than with English phrases, is now advancing on the Continent, and an amusing specimen of it is afforded when M. Klaczko applies the name of "whipper-in" to Cato of Utica, in his function in the *Purgatory* of superintending the souls as they arrive on its shore. Whether the phrase first became known out of England from the hunting-field, or in its applied Parliamentary sense, could hardly be traced. A quotation is immediately afterwards made from one of Macaulay's essays, where he observes that Dante is the only modern poet whose use of the Greek mythology is neither puerile nor pedantic. There is much ingenious fancy and some truth in the view taken of the *Inferno* as giving prominence to what may be called a sort of "fauna" of its own. These are the three allegorical beasts at the opening, Cerberus, Geryon, the Centaurs, and other forms of strange animal life. While in the *Purgatory* the "flora" is more especially brought forward, as in the beautiful valley where the kings are found reposing, and in the cloud of flowers which surrounds Beatrice near its end. In the *Paradise* there is no survival of terrestrial life; light and music alone appeal to the eye and to the ear. But when it is suggested that the *Inferno* leaves a plastic, and the *Purgatory* a picturesque, while the *Paradise* makes a musical impression, one can only feel desirous of escaping from the company of a commentator so fantastical.

The second imaginary conversation is devoted to Beatrice and the poetry of love. The inevitable comparison is introduced between the celebrated loves of Dante and of Petrarch. No doubt can

\* *Causeries Florentines*. Julian Klaczko. Paris: Plon. 1880.

reasonably be entertained that Beatrice and Laura were both women of flesh and blood, whose parentage, birth, and lives are as well known as those of the most familiar personages in history. Neither of them was a metaphysical or theological abstraction. But here the resemblance ceases; the child-love for the little girl of nine years old in the crimson frock was the glory and the purification of Dante's life; she became a part of all his philosophy and all his poetry, the root and centre and sustaining presence of it all. She pervades it all; it begins and ends with her; and the influence thus given is ever one of exaltation and virtue. The *Vita Nuova* is entirely occupied with her; in the *Convito* Dante explains the rules by which his writings are to be interpreted, and reports the story of his love, affirming that his poetry is still inspired by his recollections of her. He explains that, on losing her, he was incapable of consolation except by the study of philosophy, and in this way took place the allegorical fusion of a new mistress of his intellectual life with the old love of his youth. Then, in his great work, Beatrice is again still more elevated in position, and becomes the representative of theology and his divine guide through the regions of eternity. How different from all this is the affair of Petrarch with his Laura! Like many other of the world's great ones, Petrarch began life as a man of fashion, and it was as such, and at the age of twenty-three, that he first saw Mme. de Sade, who had then been married for a couple of years. From this time she became the object of his idolatry, and the subject of all those sonnets which, as Lord Byron has so justly observed, would probably never have been written if she had been his wife. But it was the fashion to have an ideal or mythical mistress, and the man of letters delighted himself, while he also made himself intensely miserable, by endless outpourings of affected grief and never-ceasing agonies of unrewarded attachment. As Mr. Henry Reeve has remarked, it is clear that his tenderness, even if real, was sustained by the pleasure it gave him to transmute it into well-turned verse. Foscolo had previously seen that the love of Petrarch for Laura was, in truth, not of an ennobling character, and that it was in effect a contest of unworthy desires with continuing and justly deserved disappointment, colouring his existence with morbid feelings, and leading to nothing great or good, beyond being the pivot on which some of the finest, but also some of the most artificial, poetry that was ever written is made to turn.

One of Klaczko's speakers is made to call Petrarch the first man of modern times; but one of the excuses for adopting a conversational form in writing is the license it affords to say that for which the author does not wish to make himself altogether responsible. Foremost Petrarch certainly was in his own field and in his own time, and vastly is the world of letters indebted to him for the work performed by him in the reintegration of ancient literature. It is to be regretted that no selection has ever been made and published from Petrarch's letters, now so well edited and in course of translation into Italian, and to be obtained in a more convenient form than the bulky old folios of Basle and Venice. Their Latin is the nervous and playful language of a man to whom it was still a living tongue in daily use, and they can only be matched for interest and animation with those of Cicero. M. Klaczko compares the familiar correspondence of Petrarch to that of Voltaire, and notes that the enormous influence exercised by him on his contemporaries can only be appreciated by making acquaintance with it.

Returning to the poetry of love, it is gratifying to find that the company assembled at Florence are made to do full justice to Shakespeare, as one of the greatest of those who have contributed to it. In *Romeo and Juliet*, especially, the true spirit of the South is caught and maintained, and tenderness and fervency of passion is expressed in language which goes beyond the finest efforts of the school of the Troubadours. Too precise a comparison is attempted when the opening of the fifth scene in the third act of this play is likened to an *aubade*; and it is hardly necessary to say that the modern reader would know more than he generally does of that species of composition if the professors of the Gay Science in Provence and in Italy had been the authors of such works as Shakespeare's plays.

In the third and fourth sections of the *Causeries Florentines* are more particularly discussed the relations of Dante with the Catholic Church and the political bearings of his actual career and his writings. Rossetti's strangely perverted views are combated, and the poet is shown to be, what he in fact was, a thoroughly orthodox son of the Church, giving to it as entire a loyalty in spiritual matters as he contended should be given to the Emperor of his ideas in matters of purely temporal government. He was neither a Manfred nor a Faust, but an eminently conservative thinker and worker, so far as the broken opportunities of his distracted life allowed him to be a practical worker in the politics of his time. His grand ideal of one Empire and one Church could scarcely have been brought into the domain of reality under any circumstances of favourable action; nor was his personal temperament of a kind to make him a successful leader or associate of men engaged in forwarding a great political movement.

M. Klaczko cites Milton and Klopstock as two Protestant poets who have chosen sacred subjects as their themes—names which should not be placed together, except when under the bracket of their common Protestantism; but the *Messiah* of the latter does not meet with much favour at the hands of the assembled guests at the Florentine villa; and the advantage enjoyed by Dante, as a fervent Catholic, in carrying on his poem to the sublimest joys of Paradise, is justly contrasted with Milton's comparative failure

in his *Paradise Lost*. The well-known lines from the Sixth *Æneid* are quoted to show that the ancients had a purgatory of their own; and Witte's theory of the unity of the so-called Trilogy of Dante is discussed—a theory to which we have already indicated entire adhesion, but which M. Klaczko is inclined apparently to dispute, and not now for the first time. The *New Life*, the *Banquet*, and the *Divine Comedy* form unquestionably parts of one whole conception, and cannot indeed be thoroughly understood if read apart from each other.

#### DARWIN'S POWER OF MOVEMENT IN PLANTS.\*

MR. DARWIN'S latest study of plant life shows no abatement of his power of work or his habits of fresh and original observation. We have learnt to expect from him at intervals, never much prolonged, the results of special research in some bypath or other subordinated to the main course of the biological system associated with his name; and it has been an unfailing source of interest to see the central ideas of the evolution and the continuity of life developed in detail through a series of special treatises, each well nigh exhaustive of the materials available for its subject. It is in the department of plant life that he has of late years devoted himself to working out the laws which govern the whole realm of vital phenomena. That these laws in their origin and ultimate operation are common to plant and animal alike has long formed a characteristic principle or axiom of his philosophy. In the experimental study needed for the elaboration of the vital processes and the making good the resulting generalizations, the kingdom of plant life offers decided advantages beyond that of animals, if it were only that observations of this class are free from all possible taint of inhumanity. Mr. Darwin has in the quietude of his hothouse, and with a boundless variety of forms for selection, experimented upon the vital organism of plants, seconded by the untiring energy and patience of his son. Night and day seem to have come alike to the aid of this enthusiastic pair of naturalists. The electric light has served them on the failure of the sun's beams, and has in truth opened up of itself a wholly new field for observation as regards the agency of light upon the phenomena of life. To the vista of knowledge revealed by these experiments upon the elementary processes of life in movement, growth, nutrition, respiration, sensation, and so forth, imagination can set no bounds. It is impossible, Mr. Darwin remarks at the close of his record of these interesting experiments, not to be struck with the resemblance between the foregoing movements of plants and many of the actions performed unconsciously by the lower animals. This analogy has been made the subject of much interesting investigation by Sachs, Frank, and other leading biologists on the Continent, and we may expect that the highly original and elaborate experiments recorded in the volume before us will give fresh stimulus to this most important course of investigation, laying as they do a new and more solid basis for the comparative study of plant and animal life. Plants, of course, possess neither nerves nor a central nervous system, and there is consequently lacking in them that which gives its most distinctive character to animal life as a whole. Yet that sensitive impressions are present in plants, with the power of movement in obedience to the stimulus thereby imparted to the organism, may be held to be conclusively shown by facts such as those produced by Mr. Darwin. Most striking of all, he urges, as a point of resemblance, is the localization of their sensitiveness, and the transmission of an influence from the excited part to another, which consequently moves. May it not be inferred that in animals the nervous structures serve merely for the more perfect transmission of impressions and for the more complete intercommunication of parts? From the earliest sign of germination in plants—namely, the protrusion of the radicle from the seed-coats under the soil—there is manifest a sensitiveness to external influences, with a movement in response to the conditions of light or pressure, and so forth, which is not sharply to be distinguished from the rudimentary intelligence in animals. In the sensitive point or tip of the radicle, which we might compare with the antennæ in insects, there is to be seen an organic power equivalent, in a lesser degree, to the action of the brain in the lower animals:—

We believe that there is no structure in plants more wonderful, as far as its functions are concerned, than the tip of the radicle. If the tip be lightly pressed or burnt or cut, it transmits an influence to the upper adjoining part, causing it to bend away from the affected side; and, what is more surprising, the tip can distinguish between a slightly harder and softer object, by which it is simultaneously pressed on opposite sides. If, however, the radicle is pressed by a similar object a little above the tip, the pressed part does not transmit any influence to the more distant parts, but bends abruptly towards the object. If the tip perceives the air to be moister on one side than on the other, it likewise transmits an influence to the upper adjoining part, which bends towards the source of moisture. When the tip is excited by light (though in the case of radicles this was ascertained in only a single instance) the adjoining part bends from the light; but when excited by gravitation the same part bends towards the centre of gravity. In almost every case we can clearly perceive the final purpose or advantage of the several movements. Two, or perhaps more, of the exciting causes often act simultaneously on the tip, and one conquers the other, no doubt in accordance with its importance for the life of the plant. The course pursued by the radicle in penetrating the ground must be determined by the tip; hence it has acquired such diverse kinds of sensitiveness. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle thus endowed, and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoining

\* *The Power of Movement in Plants*. By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S., assisted by Francis Darwin. With Illustrations. London: Murray. 1880.

ing parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals; the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements.

In this suggestive passage, with which our authors bring their present course of investigations to a close, we see opened up a far-reaching prospect for the biological progress of the future. For the present it must suffice to have made good so much as our authors have been able to report from their patient study of the simpler and more easily observable vital phenomena. There has always been something mysterious in the power of movement to be noted in plants, whether periodical or incidental. An astonishingly small stimulus is found to be enough in most cases, and the difficulty with our authors lay in devising means of sufficient delicacy to appreciate or to measure the degree of motion. Even in the case of allied plants, one may be found highly sensitive to the slightest continuous pressure, another as responsive to a slight momentary touch. The most widely prevalent movement is essentially of the same nature as that of a climbing plant, which bends in succession to all points of the compass, hence named "circumnutation." Instead, however, of simply revolving on an axis, the plant-stem is growing at the same time, and its apex consequently tends to describe a circular spiral, or irregular ellipse. At times the apex travels backwards in a zig-zag line, or makes small subordinate loops or triangles. Until recently the cause of all such bending movements was sought for in increased growth on the side which becomes for a time convex; but the experiments of Sachs and De Vries have led to the conclusion that this cause is but secondary, the movement of circumnutation being primarily due to the increased turgescence of the cells on either side, together with the extensibility of their walls. On however small a scale, every growing part of every plant is continually circumnating, as the whole volume before us tends to show. Even the stems of seedlings, before they have broken through the ground, as well as their buried radicles, circumnate to the extent allowed by the pressure of the earth:—

In this universally present movement we have the basis or groundwork for the requirement, according to the requirements of the plant, of the most diversified movements. Thus, the great sweeps made by the stems of twining plants, and by the tendrils of other climbers, result from a mere increase in the amplitude of the ordinary movement of circumnutation. The position which young leaves and other organs ultimately assume is acquired by the circumnating movement being increased in some one direction. The leaves of various plants are said to sleep at night, and it will be seen that their blades then assume a vertical position through modified circumnutation, in order to protect their upper surfaces from being chilled through radiation. The movements of various organs to the light, which are so general throughout the vegetable kingdom, and occasionally from the light, or transversely with respect to it, are all modified forms of circumnutation; as again are the equally prevalent movements of stems, &c., towards the zenith, and of roots towards the centre of the earth. In accordance with these conclusions, a considerable difficulty in the way of evolution is in part removed, for it might have been asked, how did all their diversified movements for the most different purposes first arise? As the case stands, we know that there is always movement in progress, and its amplitude, or direction, or both, have only to be modified for the good of the plant in relation with internal or external stimuli.

A great part of Mr. Darwin's work is taken up with the details of experiments for measuring the quantity and direction of motion in plants, both under natural and artificial conditions. Direct observations have been made in numerous cases under the microscope, and in others use has been made of delicate apparatus of various kinds. Minute bits of card or tissue paper have been attached to the radicles, filaments, or terminals of stems, and tiny particles of metal or beads of shellac have been employed as weights to test the power of rigidity or of sensitiveness in the fibres of plants. Pins stuck in the soil around the stem have served to mark the conduct of the plant when impeded in its growth or its spontaneous habits of movement. The movements of the tenderest filaments or leaflets have been made to trace themselves in lines upon smoked glass. A series of diagrams has in this way been worked out, and set before the eye in numerous woodcuts, generally magnified two or three fold, showing the general law of circumnutation indefinitely modified by special conditions. The differences of movement in seedling and mature plants, in monocotyledons and dicotyledons, with the indications of certain movements having been acquired for a special purpose, are pursued through widely contrasted classes of plants. The circumnating powers of young leaves are described in thirty-three genera belonging to twenty-five families, widely distributed amongst ordinary and gymnospermous dicotyledons, and amongst monocotyledons, together with many cryptogams. Here the seat of movement is generally seen to lie in the petiole, but sometimes both in the petiole and the blade, or in the blade alone. The movement is chiefly in a vertical plane; yet, as the ascending and descending lines never coincide, there is always some lateral movement, resulting in irregular ellipses, so that the motion becomes really one of circumnutation. It is interesting to mark the periodicity of leaf-movement, a gentle rise being observed in the evening and the early part of the night, with a sinking towards morning. In *Dionaea* and certain graminæ a strange jerking and oscillatory movement is to be seen under the microscope, curiously contrasted with the immobility of the tentacles of *Drosera rotundifolia*, which are yet sensitive enough to curl inwards in twenty-three seconds so as to absorb a bit of raw meat. The distinction of epinastic and hyponastic growth—according as the growth takes place more rapidly in the upper or lower surface of an organ, causing it to bend downwards or upwards respectively—introduced by De Vries, has been illustrated in the case of a number of plants. To Frank is due the introduction of the useful

terms of "heliotropism," for the tendency to turn to the light, with its correlative "apheliotropism," the opposite tendency, occasionally to be observed, "geotropism," for the bending towards the earth, and "apogeotropism," expressing motion in opposition to gravity or from the centre of the earth. For the measurement of movements, sometimes excessively minute, various expedients were adopted. Dots were made from time to time upon sheets of glass placed vertically and horizontally near the plant, these dots being then copied on tracing paper and joined by ruled lines, arrows being added to show the direction of the movement. The plants were exposed to varied conditions of light, sometimes being wholly protected, the light at other times being admitted from above or from either side. In addition to the sun's rays, the electric light was made the subject of experiment, with results comparable with those of Dr. Siemens. A valuable chapter is given to the sensitiveness of plants to light, with its transmitted effects. That growth in general is checked by light, which acts upon plants much in the same manner as it does upon the nervous system in animals, is a statement which needs to be reconciled with the undoubted fact that the power of bending to the light is beneficial to plants, and may in all probability have been specially acquired under the action of natural selection. Experiments have abundantly shown that growth is exceptionally promoted by light continuously kept up, as in the Polar summer, or when the absence of sunlight is compensated by the electric ray. Herein is, of course, involved the intricate problem of the sleep of plants, which is carried on through two chapters of the highest interest.

What is called the sleep of plants, which was observed as early as the time of Pliny, and was brought under scientific discussion by the famous *Somnus Plantarum* of Linnaeus, presents hardly any analogy, as our authors are careful to premise, to the sleep of animals. This is doubtless owing to the absence in plants of a cerebral or nervous system, which needs to recruit its powers by periodical repose. The term "nyctitropism" is to be preferred for the so-called sleep-movements of plants. As a result of very numerous and varied experiments, it is to be inferred that in these movements we see the general principle of circumnutation modified by the alternations of day and night, or, strictly speaking, of light and darkness. That they are to a certain extent inherited seems to be shown by most plants habitually resuming their proper diurnal position in the morning, although light be excluded; as well as by their leaves continuing to move in the normal manner in darkness for a day or so at least. A long list of all the genera known to include sleeping plants is given in Chapter VII., differing in some respects from that of Linnaeus. The nyctitropic movements of leaves and cotyledons, which are distinguished with great minuteness, are effected in two ways; first, by means of the pulvini (cushions or joints) becoming, as Pfeiffer has shown, alternately more turgescer on opposite sides; and, secondly, by increased growth along one side of the petiole or midrib, and then on the opposite side, as was first proved by Batailin. These movements often range through an angle of 90°, being more rapid in the evening, the cotyledons in some cases moving vertically upwards at night, while the leaflets move vertically downwards. The advantage resulting from such changes of position is shown to be the protection of the upper surface from being chilled by radiation, experiments proving the ill effects produced when leaves were pinned down so as to be unable to assume their natural nyctitropic position. The same purpose is seen to be subserved by the imbrication of sleeping plants for mutual protection—a very common phenomenon. The mere closing of the petals of flowers at the close of the day, it is to be observed, does not come under the head of sleep. It is due, our authors believe, rather to the fall of temperature than to the failure of light. In their remarks upon the movements excited by light, note is taken of the difference first pointed out by Sachs between the action of light in modifying the periodic movement of leaves, and in causing them to bend towards its source—the latter, or heliotropic, movements being determined by the direction of the light, whilst the periodic movements are affected by changes in its intensity, not in its direction. The phenomenon of apheliotropism, or negative heliotropism, when a plant unequally illuminated on the two sides bends from the light, is comparatively rare, our authors only having observed it in the cases of *Bignonia capreolata* and *Cyclamen Persicum*. Among the extremely few plants which show no trace of heliotropism they mention *Drosera rotundifolia* and *Diomea*. The pitchers of *Sarracenia* have also been found by Sir Joseph Hooker insensible to a long-continued lateral light. There can be no doubt that the primary and ruling agency in all plant movements is that of light. We look forward with deep interest to the prosecution of researches which may penetrate still further in this direction.

#### THE GRANDIDIERS.\*

**THE GRANDIDIERS**, although it bears a French name, is an exceedingly favourable specimen of a German novel. There is none of the tediousness, of the looseness of plot and vague inconsistency of purpose, which too often annoy us in these productions, and yet there is no lack of the realistic pictures of society in which the German novelists excel. Herr Rodenberg tells his

\* *The Grandidiere: a Tale of Berlin Life.* By Julius Rodenberg. From the German by William Savile. London: Sampson Low & Co.

animated story with unflagging spirit; he draws characters that range from the commonplace almost to the ideal with the firm touch of assured conception; and in his incidents he alternates between the grave and the gay, illustrating the life of his countrymen in many of its varieties. It is true that he confines himself almost entirely to men and women of the middle and the lower orders; merely glancing casually at such prominent public characters as the Emperor William and his great Chancellor. The local colouring is always effective, and generally sufficiently faithful to nature, making allowance for the strongly patriotic prepossessions that paint Berlin as a city of delights, and its precincts as a reflection of the earthly Paradise. After all, we are bound to remember that he usually places these excusable sentiments in the mouths of born Berliners, who have had few opportunities of correcting their ideas by making comparisons abroad with their Thier Garten and their boulevard under the lime-trees. Some of his characters are eccentric enough—eccentric, indeed, to the verge of impossibility, so far as the freedom of their manners are concerned, and the complacency with which their vagaries are tolerated. But, independently of the fact that the social manners of Berlin are as far removed from those of London as the Spree is from the Thames, Herr Rodenberg has infused so much of human nature into his extravagances that we are inclined to admit that at the worst he can merely have been guilty of exaggeration. There the talent of the accomplished artist shows itself; the talent of a man who is largely gifted with imaginative power, and with a quality which is still rarer among the novelists of the Fatherland—that of a humour which is apt to break out into drollery. We know not whether Herr Rodenberg has French blood in his veins, although the subjects of his novel might almost suggest as much. But he is French on other points besides his *esprit*; and his manner of treatment occasionally reminds us of Balzac. This is the case not only with some of his more superficial touches, as when he makes the head of the Granddiers, who is a worthy hatter of Berlin, revive the Oriental decorations of a banquetting room in his antiquated mansion, and dine with many refinements of luxury under a ceiling glittering with Venetian mirrors; but also with the minuteness of analysis he carries out in his characters, and in the subtle delineation of seemingly inconsistent traits, which nevertheless are perfectly conceivable combinations, as is demonstrated to our satisfaction in the sequel by the consistency with which they are sustained. There is art, too, in the delicately ingenious manner in which he often partially withdraws for the benefit of his readers the veil which habits of reserve and unconscious deception have dropped between his personages and the general public. Nor is the interest of the story merely social. Latterly the painter of cockney manners becomes effusively and eloquently patriotic. The war with France has broken out; the minor rivalries and jealousies of citizens of the different German States are forgotten in presence of the common danger; persons who are humble, insignificant, or even grotesque, are inspired by the contagious fervour of patriotism to acts of sublime sacrifice and self-abnegation. We are transported from Berlin over the broad Rhine plains into Alsace, where by a very remarkable series of undesigned coincidences we meet almost all our old Prussian acquaintances; and we are invited to assist at some of those painfully dramatic scenes that followed the siege and surrender of Strasburg.

Herr George Granddier, the head of the Prussian family of the name, is a typical man. He is a prominent member of the flourishing French colony descended from the Huguenots who had taken refuge in Berlin after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He cherishes a sentimental affection for the country that exiled his fathers and for his French kin; but his real devotion is for the land in which his fathers have been naturalized. The special object of his unbounded gratitude and affection is the illustrious memory of the "Great Elector," who had thrown his protection over the family fortunes. Herr Granddier is one of those men to whom we have alluded, whose nature is made up of reconcilable contradictions. Essentially generous in thought as in his actions, he is obstinately narrow-minded in certain matters. With an intense capacity for loving some special objects of affection, he permits his feelings as it were to get frozen over, in such a way that not even his nearest or dearest suspect anything of the warm temperature below the ice. On that most distinctive feature of his idiosyncrasy—his strength or his weakness, as we may please to call it—hinge the incidents that form the chief framework of the plot. Granddier has an only son, in person all that can gratify a father's eye, and otherwise a boy of no ordinary promise. Granddier is devoutly grateful to Providence for the magnificent destinies in store for the child. The heir of at least three generations of Granddiers and hatters will succeed to the magnificent business they have made. It is his obvious mission to develop the business even further—a worthy object of ambition that might satisfy the aspirations of any man. And trivial as are Herr Granddier's trains of thought, and ludicrous as his dreams appear to be, Herr Rodenberg has contrived it so that we never cease to respect the man. When he shows himself most harsh and unforgiving in the bosom of his family, we know that he is suffering more than anybody else, and are persuaded that he will either make atonement in the end or expiate his fault by some terrible penance. For it is very slowly borne in upon his mind that the hopes of his life are doomed to be disappointed. His son Edward has shown perverse Bohemian tendencies from his school days upward. Even as a boy he always shunned the joys and triumphs of the hat factory. By preference he mingled in the games of the street Arabs who

haunted the somewhat disreputable quarter in the neighbourhood of the workshop. Subsequently he took to spoiling cardboard and hat-boxes with ridiculous pencil scratches. In short, Edward was a born artist, who yielded at last with some reluctance to the irrepressible bent of his genius, and showed himself in an unfilial way at least as obstinate as his father. It is only the congenial spirit who afterwards becomes his wife who is able to read clearly in a self-painted miniature of the young man, the evidences of an ethereal artistic nature in the firmness, listlessness, and dreamy irresolution that are blended in his expressive features. Possibly he would never have taken of himself the most momentous step in his life. He is urged on to it by a strong-minded counsellor, whose mania is interference in the affairs of everybody. Edward leaves his father and Berlin at a day's notice, starting for Paris to push his fortunes there. That tardy decision once taken, he proves himself resolute enough. All the dogged energy of his Huguenot ancestors comes out—the energy of the men who had suffered all things for conscience sake, and yet never despaired of their fortune or suspended their efforts in business. He pursues his studies and gets a living somehow, till his talents are recognized and rewarded. When his foot is fairly on the ladder of fame, he climbs fast. His pictures make a general sensation, and he receives the highest honours of the art academies. He comes back to Berlin, covered with his laurels, to seek the reconciliation which is refused him; and to receive Princes of the Blood and the highest potentates of the State in the very studio that had witnessed his youthful struggles. In all probability, nevertheless, Edward and his worthy father might have died as inimical as they had lived. The reserves of paternal affection, indeed, are inexhaustible; but those of the son have almost run dry under the strong and overbearing sense of hard injustice. It is the war, with its events and anxieties, that brings the two together. The father learns to respect the conduct of his son, making all the while heroic efforts to hold back from advances to him. But when the son has gone to the war the strain on the old man becomes terrible; and, when his Edward has been wounded and brought to death's door, he throws down his arms and surrenders at discretion. The scenes of the reconciliation, with those that follow, are admirably touching in their quiet simplicity.

Far the best and most amusing of the comic characters is Herr Scharf, though he decidedly oversteps the borders that separate portraiture from caricature. A man of extraordinary sense, courage, and presence of mind, he is as extravagant in his fashions of behaviour as original in his habits of thought. He is the most genial of Red Republicans and revolutionaries. He has given himself, without the slightest claim to it, the brevet title of colonel; for his original calling was that of a barrister. He has made friends all over the world, from Paris to Constantinople; and in the latter capital, indeed, is so intimate with the men in power as to be able to obtain Osmanli decorations for his acquaintances. What is most remarkable about him, however, is a serene imperturbability of self-assurance, which not only never belies itself, but always succeeds. Even strangers treat him at first sight as a privileged person who may do and say anything. He calls the ladies to whom he takes a special fancy—in all honour, be it understood—by their Christian names, nor do they or their husbands take the liberty amiss. Having made the acquaintance of the Granddier family, by bringing them bad news as to one of their near connexions abroad; having interested himself in the troubles of Edward Granddier, because like himself he seemed to fly in face of the conventionalities, it is but natural that "the Colonel" should court the responsibility of advising the young man to break with his father, and manfully follow out the line of his predilection. But, to do Herr Scharf bare justice, it is not his practice to shrink from the consequence of his counsels or to throw his *protégés* overboard. And we are disposed to read the secret of the mysterious influence he exercises in the instinctive perceptions it is his privilege to awaken of the generosity and nobility of nature that underlie his conspicuous oddities. Among other humorous studies of Herr Rodenberg are two ancient servitors of the Granddier household, who reign supreme in their respective departments, though they are naturally indulgent to the wishes of a master who has treated them with unflinching liberality and kindness; while Herr Granddier, autocratic and tyrannical as he can be, behaves to them in a spirit of *camaraderie*, consulting their prejudices and fancies, very often to his own inconvenience. Altogether, *The Granddiers* is capital reading; and Mr. Savile seems to have done his share of the book with equal fidelity and judgment; at all events, his translation appears to preserve the full flavour and spirit of the original.

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